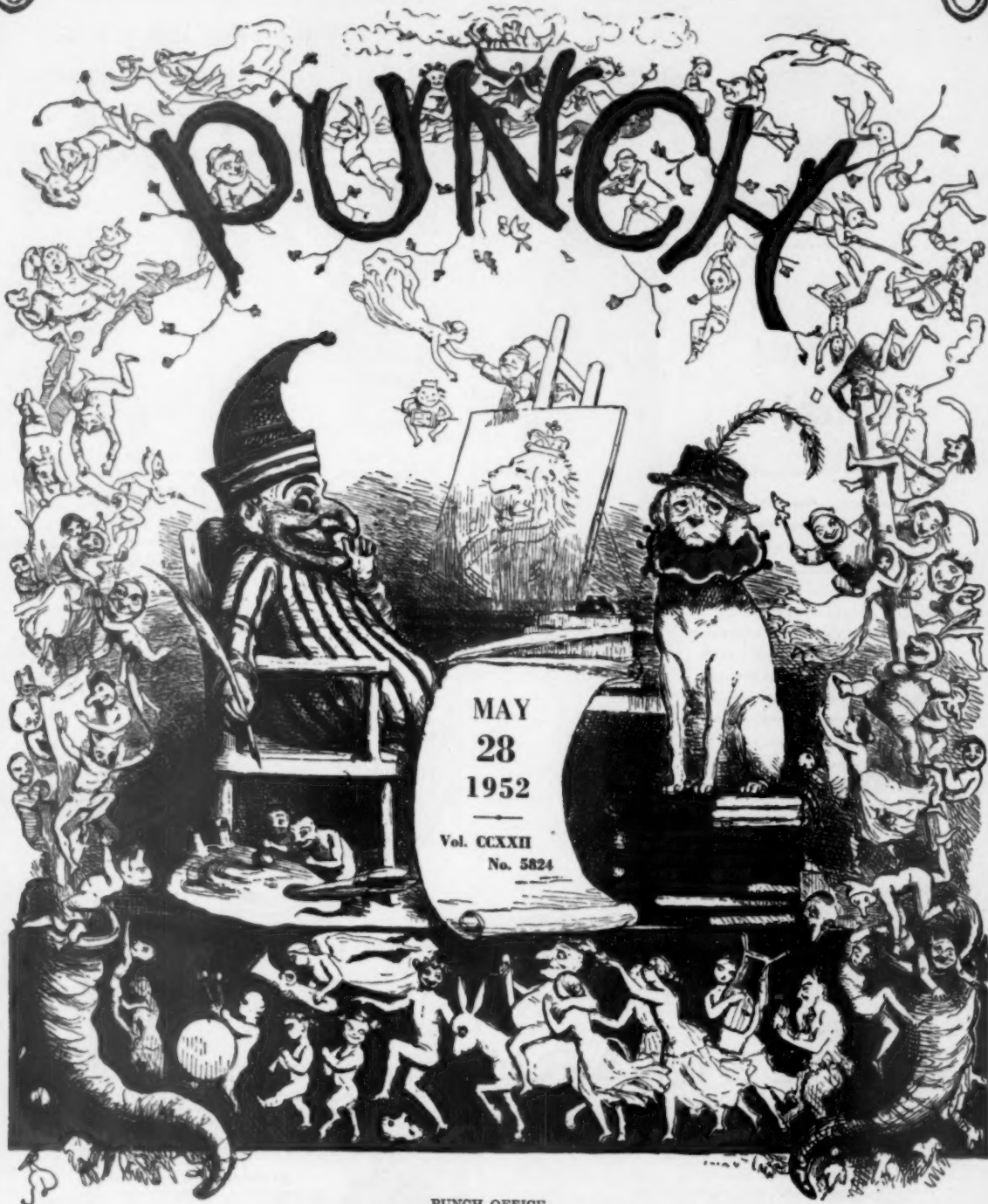


6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, MAY 28 1952

6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH OFFICE  
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



## Better by a long stretch!

No matter which comes first—your palate or your pocket—Four Square will please you most. No tobacco gives a pipe-lover so much pleasure, and a thrifty man so much economy. Vacuum packed fresh from the blender's table, Four Square is good to the last pipeful, burns cool and sweet to the last shred, leaving no wasteful dottle. That is why men the world over—be their favourite type of tobacco a straight virginia, a mixture, a curly cut or navy cut—make Four Square a friend for life. They know that with Four Square they will always enjoy every moment of every perfect pipe.

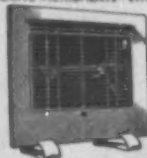


## FOUR SQUARE

MIXTURES Original Mixture (Blue) 4/5½d ea  
Empire-de-luxe Mixture (Green) 4/1½d ea  
MATURED VIRGINIA Original, broken flake (Red) 4/5½d ea  
Ready Rubbed Fins Cut (Red) 4/5½d ea  
CUT CAKE (Yellow) 4/1½d ea  
RIPE BROWN NAVY CUT (Brown) 4/1½d ea  
CURLIES Cut in discs (Purple) 4/1½d ea

SIX VACUUM PACKED TOBACCOES BY DOBIE OF PAISLEY

MEASURING INSTRUMENTS • SWITCHBOARD INSTRUMENTS • VOLTAGE REGULATORS



← This you may  
know: but do you  
know this? →



The Digital Computer installed in Manchester University

The "Safera" fire solves the problem of safety in domestic electric fires. The Manchester Computer solves in a day mathematical problems which might take years on ordinary calculating machines. On each product is stamped the name Ferranti, a name that has become part of the history of electricity.



FERRANTI LTD. HOLLYWOOD LANE, LONDON OFFICE: 50 KINGSWAY, W.C.2

RADIO & TELEVISION • VALVES & C.B. TUBES • CASTINGS • INSULATION • HIGH VOLTAGE A.C. & D.C. TESTING EQUIPMENT



No. 174  
Price 49/9d.

No. 175  
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Price 49/9d.

The Shoes that MEN want ...

*George Webb*  
**"STEP-INS"**

### THE SHOE OF THE MONTH

Have you tried a pair? If not you have a treat in store. Here is something new and something good: too good to miss. Here is a new standard of shoe comfort-cum-smartness. You can be shod to fit the feet, the eye, the pocket, and the season.



Available at various prices  
in "MENTONE" & "SAVILE ROW" ranges.

See them displayed on this stand in your local shop or write to  
GEORGE WEBB & SONS (Northampton) LTD. for more details.

JUNE						
S	1	8	15	22	29	
M	2	9	16	23	30	
Tu	3	10	17	24		
W	4	11	18	25		
Th	5	12	19	26		
F	6	13	20	27		
S	7	14	21	28		

ENGLAND v INDIA  
LEEDS

SCORE

By Appointment Motor Mower Manufacturers to the late King George VI.

# ATCO

## MOTOR MOWERS

As a rule there is only one "best way" of doing a thing. For example, ATCO over a long period of years have developed a motor mower design which, in the opinion of garden owners generally, provides the most perfect instrument for the cutting and nurture of fine lawns. In their experience there is just not a better motor mower to be had. And even if there were, the extra advantage of the famous ATCO SERVICE with its own network of maintenance depots throughout the country makes ATCO Motor Mowing the most prudent and profitable investment not only for garden owners but for all responsible for the maintenance of sports turf.

CHARLES H. PUGH LTD.,  
ATCO Works, Birmingham, 9.





### Heal's hand-made bedding

Now, for the first time since before the war, we can again offer our very finest hand-made bedding.

We particularly recommend: Heal's best white hair mattresses, filled with long curled white hair and covered with white swansdown material. Our best white French mattresses also provide luxurious softness; they are stuffed with fine white fleece wool and white hair. These mattresses give the maximum comfort when combined with a flexible edge box-spring, or Heal's *Sommier Elastique Portatif*.

In our showroom, you can see a large selection of bedding of all kinds at all prices.

Write for our illustrated Bedding Catalogue.

## HEAL & SON

Makers of fine bedding since 1810

195 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1. TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 1666

## IT'S HERE! the marvellous new HOOVER ELECTRIC POLISHER

For floors and furniture

ALL THAT hard, wearisome drudgery — polishing floors, surrounds and furniture — is gone for ever with the Hoover Electric Polisher. Without the slightest effort, parquet, lino, tiles, cork, rubber all come up with a beautiful rich gloss — that lasts longer, too. A special feature is the built-in headlight that points out unpolished spots.

Ask your Hoover Dealer to demonstrate.



FOR FURNITURE — SPECIAL SOFT  
LAMB-WOOL PADS

These fit over the brushes bringing up a really dazzling gloss — with minimum effort, because the machine is so light and perfectly balanced.



MADE BY HOOVER  
MAKERS OF THE WORLD'S BEST CLEANER

★ 19 GNS ★  
★ (plus £9.19 6 tax) ★  
★ H.P. terms can be ★  
★ arranged, of course ★  
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## Prestige Sharper knives with longer lives



Blades of gleaming Sheffield stainless steel, hollow-ground to take and retain the keenest edge, beautiful pastel cream handles — that's 'Prestige' cutlery! In either single pieces, or handsome presentation sets, these knives make the perfect gift for those 'special occasions' — they will be used and admired for a lifetime.

## Prestige

HOLLOW-GROUND CUTLERY

Insist on 'Prestige' — from your favourite store!



*Breakfast is better  
with **CHUNKY***

St. Martin's special recipe captures the full flavour of Seville's sun-drenched oranges in the bitter-sweet taste of "Chunky" marmalade. It has that refreshing tang the palate longs for in the morning. Nature's own goodness is in

**St. Martin**  
**CHUNKY**  
MARMALADE

THERE'S ONLY ONE "CHUNKY" AND IT IS A PRODUCT OF ST. MARTIN'S, MAKERS OF FINE PRESERVES. MAIDENHEAD, ELY, NEWCASTLE, NORWICH, KETTER, BELFAST.



*I'm glad*

*I've got a 'Baby Belling'*

It's just the thing for the small home, it's so economical and so easy to use. It roasts, bakes, fries, grills and boils and there's a really big oven, big enough for a 6 lb. joint and a pie — and it only costs £13. 15. 0. See one at your Electrical Shop or Showroom.

Look out for the new "WEE Baby Belling" — a smaller version of the Baby Belling — which does all the cooking for two or three people quickly and economically and only costs £6. 19. 6. Write for illustrated leaflet.

BELLING & CO. LTD. ENFIELD · MIDDLESEX

*I'm choosing—*  
it's my privilege

"No more taking just  
anything that's offered!

Now I choose

and insist upon

the blends I prefer:

Hornimans Rich & Fragrant,

a real connoisseur's tea;

and Hornimans Distinctive,

the family's favourite."



**HORNIMANS TEA**

W. H. & F. J. HORNIMAN & CO. LTD., LONDON, N.1. EST. 1826

AIR CEYLON AIR CEYLON AIR CEYLON AIR CEYLON AIR CEYLON AIR CEYLON AIR CEYLON AIR CEYLON AIR CEYLON AIR CEYLON

## Take the RESTFUL ROUTE to Australia!

\* *Slumber Lounges*  
are exclusive to  
Air Ceylon



London  
Rome  
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Arrive at your journey's end rested and refreshed . . . not tired and jaded. Fly Air Ceylon. It is the only airline on the direct route to Australia which provides the luxury of full-length 'Slumber Lounges'. You can count on sleep every night . . . and a quiet '40 winks' at any time of the day . . . when you travel Air Ceylon.

See the colourful East on your way to Australia and grasp the opportunity to explore the fascinating cities of Colombo and Singapore.

**AIR**  **CEYLON**  
Book now on the International route

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## Wetherdair Olympix

THE IMPECCABLE WEATHERCOAT

It is cut full throughout. The collar sets naturally in position without pulling and tugging. Sleeves allow the arms to be raised without the coat riding up. Handsome lines. A man's coat, particularly the man who likes his comfort. Price about £15.15.0.



WET WETHER WETHERDAIR

There are also Wetherdair Weather Coats from £5.5.0.  
Fashion Weather Coats in popular colours for ladies.  
Also School Coats for kiddies.

WETHERDAIR LTD.

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Compare  
and  
you'll  
choose

**Y-FRONT**  
underwear

it's so much better!

★ BE  
HIP-TAPE  
FITTED

For complete  
comfort.

- Unique patented Y-Front support construction.
- Superlative waistband of multi-lactron threads.
- No buttons . . . no tapes.
- Easily washed; no ironing necessary.

Also in Midways (short legs) and short sleeved vests. Obtainable from leading men's shops and stores throughout the country.

Made in Great Britain exclusively by—  
LYLE AND SCOTT LTD., 69 HAWICK, SCOTLAND, & HYAL HOUSE, ARSTLL ST., LONDON, W.1



# Welcome to the Inn



# beer is best

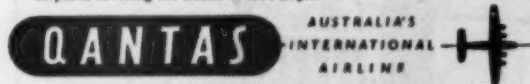
*Issued by the Brewers' Society, 42 Portman Square, London, W.1*

## FLY WITH THE MOST AIR-MINDED PEOPLE IN THE WORLD

Who are the world's most air-minded people? Statistics show that, per head of population, the honour goes to Australia.

That's another good reason for flying with Qantas, Australia's international air-line with over thirty years' experience—now serving over 38,000 miles of world routes with all-Australian crews.

Linking Australia with Indonesia, Malaya, India, Pakistan, Europe, Egypt, Philippines, Japan, Hong Kong, New Zealand, and over 70 airports covering the South-West Pacific.



**QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS LTD. (Inc. in Queensland)**

Consult your travel agent—or QANTAS,  
69 Piccadilly (MAYFAIR W20R)—or any office of B.O.A.C.

**Fly QANTAS—there's a world of difference!**



### Scruffy hair? Girls hate it!

**End Dry Scalp**  
and notice the difference

#### Oh-oh-Dry Scalp!

Can't miss it, can you? That dry, lifeless, scruffy look, or maybe flakes of dandruff in the parting and on the collar. It all shouts "Dry Scalp!"

GIRLS HATE 'scruffy' hair—hair that's dry, lifeless or flecked with dandruff. These things mean Dry Scalp—and Dry Scalp can be dealt with.

All you need is a daily 20-second massage with 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic. Work it in gently, moving the whole scalp.

Your hair will look better and your scalp will feel better. And remember—'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is very economical at 2/9d and 4/3d (inc. tax).



What a difference 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic makes! Your hair looks much better and your scalp feels much better when you call in that crystal-clear hair tonic. Get a bottle right away!



**Vaseline® HAIR TONIC**  
THE DRESSING THAT ENDS DRY SCALP

## LONDON TO TRIPOLI IN 2 HOURS 41 MINS. 49.5 SECS.



The "AVON" Engine Canberra which recently flew from London Airport to Tripoli, a distance of 2,335,722 k.m's at 866-021 k.p.h. created a new record. The two "AVON" gas turbine engines incorporate centri-spun and centrifugally cast rings and many other fabricated components in Firth-Vickers special Heat and Creep-Resisting steels. The continuous technical development of these special steels achieves the improvements in performance and efficiency of gas turbine units on land, sea and in the air.

**FIRTH-VICKERS**  
**HEAT-RESISTING STEELS**  
**FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD. SHEFFIELD**  
Telephone: Sheffield 42051

## Italy

The land renowned from the earliest times for its health-giving springs.

REDUCTIONS IN THE PRICES OF PETROL  
FOR MOTORISTS VISITING ITALY.



Information from  
Italian State Tourist Office  
(K.N.I.T.), 201 Regent Street  
London W.1 and all Travel  
Agencies.





### OIL AND THE WATERFALL

THE 22-million-gallon-a-day "waterfall" in each of these cooling towers at Anglo-Iranian's oil refinery in South Wales is part of an expansion project that has already raised the refinery's production to twelve times its pre-war rate. This in turn forms part of a greater expansion programme on a world-wide scale. Anglo-Iranian and its associated companies operate nine refineries in the United Kingdom, France, Germany, Italy and Australia. A tenth refinery recently went into production in Belgium and another new refinery is under construction now in the United Kingdom.



**Anglo-Iranian Oil Company**  
LIMITED



## Indispensable cardboard

We all use board. It is part of our modern way of living. The man in the street calls it "cardboard" and takes for granted the ubiquitous cartons and fibreboard packing cases which play so vital a part in protecting and delivering his food and other necessities. Similarly he ignores the binding on his books and the wallboard in his home. But where would he be without these things?

Making "THAMES BOARD"—and "FIBERITE" packing cases—is the business of Thames Board Mills Ltd. This unique organisation—the largest of its kind in the British Empire—has increased its productivity fifty times in fifty years. Half the immense quantity of packaging board made in this country comes from the two mills of Thames Board Mills Ltd—a worthy example of essential service to the nation.

**THAMES BOARD MILLS LTD**  
**PURFLEET, ESSEX**

*Manufacturers of*  
"THAMES BOARD" for cartons and other uses;  
"FIBERITE" Packing Cases; "ESSEX" Wallboard  
(Mills at Purfleet, Essex and Warrington, Lancs)



"You asked for Benson & Hedges cigarettes, Sir"

*Benson & Hedges Ltd. are proud to announce that their Super Virginia cigarettes are available on the world's most famous airways, including all routes served by the following:—*

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS,  
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CORPORATION,  
SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM,  
QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS • AIR  
CEYLON • EL-AL ISRAEL AIRLINES,  
AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL AIRWAYS  
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SABENA • MALAYAN AIRWAYS,  
CENTRAL AFRICAN AIRWAYS  
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Fitting accompaniment to smoothly luxurious travel,  
**BENSON and HEDGES** Super Virginia cigarettes  
are made from the finest of fine tobaccos with  
unhurried, untiring care for all those occasions  
when only the best will do.



BY APPOINTMENT  
TOBACCONISTS TO  
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

*When only the best will do*



BENSON & HEDGES LTD • OLD BOND STREET • LONDON • W. 1

Healthier to wear

# AIRLIN

REGD. TRADE MARK

next-to-the-skin

Let the air get to your skin.

Airlin is 100% pure Irish Linen underwear mesh-knit to allow a layer of dry air to come in direct contact with the body. Linen readily absorbs perspiration and dries as it absorbs, thus AIRLIN is most protective in all weathers because it does give the body every opportunity to maintain a steady normal temperature.



Also  
**MESHLIN**  
60% Pure  
Irish Linen  
Mesh

GO IN FOR **Irish Linen Mesh**  
THE WORLD'S FINEST UNDERWEAR

NEWS FOR WOMEN! It's coming...  
"IRISH LINEN MESH" FOR YOU, TOO

At all good outfitters and stores. Write for name of nearest stockist or  
**FREE SAMPLE SWATCHES** of AIRLIN and MESHLIN to  
the London office of the **Irish Linen Mesh Co., Ltd.**, Dept. P.2  
516 Russia Row, Milk Street, London, E.C.4

*However hot it is, it's cool...*

Blazing hot suns bounce off the light-weight coolness of a

'Steegan' jacket... tropical temperatures leave

it unwilling to pursue its superbly-tailored

way. Every well-dressed man needs at least

one to keep him comfortably smart in

business or leisure hours... in a

'Maygashe' fabric for about 5 guineas,

or in a pure linen 'Maygashe'

fabric for about 6 guineas. We can

give you the name of your nearest

stockist if your usual outfitter is

unable to supply you.



**SENSIBLE SUMMER COMFORT FOR EVERY MAN**

STEEGAN LIMITED • 322 REGENT STREET • LONDON W.1

## SAFETY-FIRST INVESTMENT

**2½%** per  
annum

Income Tax paid by the Society

**Equal to £4.15.3 per cent to investors  
subject to income tax at the standard rate**

Abbey National announce that, with effect from April 1, the interest on share accounts has been raised from 1½% to 2½%, and on ordinary deposit accounts from 1½% to 2%, with income tax paid by the Society in each case. Sums up to a total holding of £5,000 are accepted for investment in Abbey National. For further particulars apply for a copy of the Society's Investment Booklet.

**Total Assets £136,630,000**  
**ABBAY NATIONAL**  
BUILDING SOCIETY

HEAD OFFICE: ABBAY HOUSE, BAKER STREET, LONDON, N.W.1  
For address of Local Office see Telephone Directory



**DEWAR'S**  
**"White Label"**  
**SCOTCH WHISKY**  
*never varies*

MAXIMUM RETAIL PRICES: 30/- per bottle,  
20/- per half bottle, 10/- per quarter bottle, 5/-  
per Midget. As sold by the Scotch Whisky Assoc.

It's a dream to drive . . .



The Wolseley "Six Eighty."  
There is also  
the Wolseley "Four Fifty."

The power-to-weight ratio of the Wolseley "Four Fifty" is just right, so you get the utmost benefit from the independent front suspension. Your seating position, with adjustable wheel and Dunlopillo seat, is perfect; your vision the widest possible. The freshness of the atmosphere is maintained by a system of ventilation akin to air-conditioning. Drive this car hard all day and you may step out as fresh as when you started. That means a lot to a busy man. The "Four Fifty" is a very happy and sensible choice.

# WOLSELEY



WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD

Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford and 41, Piccadilly, London, W.1.  
London Showrooms: Eastaer Watkins Ltd., 12, Berkeley Street, W.1.

## Earl Howe Endorses Car-Plate



Earl Howe — President of the British Racing Drivers Club and British delegate to the Monte Carlo Rally says:—"As one of the judges at this year's Rally, I was impressed to discover after the judging was over, that some cars were from waxed with Car-Plate to recover from the extremely arduous conditions. My own Lagonda is waxed with Car-Plate and I have proved to my own — and my chauffeur's — satisfaction that Car-Plate does everything the makers claim for it."

Howe

**BRIGHTEST, TOUGHEST WAX POLISH OF ALL—in 20 minutes!**

THOUSANDS of motorists have proved that Car-Plate gives their cars a genuine wax finish, the brightest shine, the most lasting protection — in 20 minutes! Just spread Car-Plate on a clean car, let dry — then wipe lightly! That's all! No rubbing with Car-Plate! Remember, Car-Plate is a wax — was always gives lasting shine and protection. Get a tin today — your money back if not completely satisfied. 5/- from all garages and accessory dealers.

★ The easy way to prepare the finish of your car for a Car-Plate waxing is to clean it super-clean with Johnson's Carom.

## JOHNSON'S CAR-PLATE

**SPREAD... LET DRY... WIPE!**



Captain of a B.O.A.C. Stratocruiser receives a message from his Radio Officer.

Engineer Officer watches instrument panel of a B.O.A.C. Constellation.

## B.O.A.C.

# TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

to New York and Montreal

B.O.A.C. WAS THE FIRST and for two years the only airline to fly the North Atlantic as a two-way, year-around service.

Whichever B.O.A.C. transatlantic service you choose today — First Class or Tourist Class — you enjoy the same high standards of British airmanship and thirty-three years' flying experience.

FIRST CLASS Double-decked *Stratocruiser* spaciousness. Luxurious lower-deck lounge. Complimentary meals and meal-time drinks. Attentive night-long service. Foam-soft private berths (nominal extra charge).

TOURIST CLASS By *Constellation* airliner at substantially lower fares. Deep-seated comfort. Complimentary light refreshments; moderate charge for meals. Steward service.

Consult your local Travel Agent or B.O.A.C., Airways Terminal, Victoria, S.W.1 (Victoria 2323) or 75 Regent Street, W.1 (MAYfair 6611).



# FLY BRITISH BY B.O.A.C.

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION





*By Appointment  
Purveyor of Cherry Heering  
to the late  
King George VI*



*By Appointment  
Purveyor of Cherry Heering  
to H. M.  
King Frederik IX*



*By Appointment  
Purveyor of Cherry Heering  
to H. M.  
King Gustaf VI Adolf*



*By Appointment  
Purveyor of Cherry Heering  
to H. M.  
The Queen of the Netherlands*



## *Precious moments*

Through four generations CHERRY HEERING has witnessed as well as created many precious moments. To-day, supplies are still not unlimited, but this old Danish delight will grace your day whenever and wherever you meet with it.



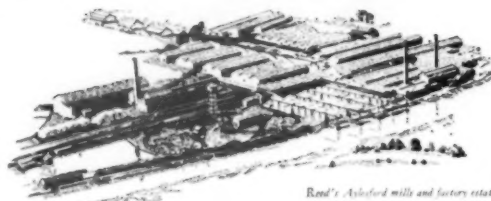
# CHERRY HEERING

*World famous liqueur since 1818*



IN THE HATTON GARDEN WORKSHOP of a scientific instrument maker, in 1895, strange new pictures were thrown on a magic lantern screen — pictures that *moved*. What may have seemed merely an intriguing novelty to the admiring witnesses was, in fact, the first commercially practicable film projector to be made in this country — the Theatrograph.

Its inventor was Robert W. Paul, one of the purposeful men who made the 1890's a period of promise unique in our history.



Reed's Aylesford mills and factory estate

*Pioneers in modern paper technology*

# Reed

PAPER GROUP

ALBERT E. REED & CO. LTD.

THE LONDON PAPER MILLS CO. LTD.  
THE MEDWAY CORRUGATED PAPER CO. LTD. - MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LTD.  
BROOKHATCH INDUSTRIES LTD. - THE NATIONAL CORRUGATED PAPER CO. LTD.  
REED PLYWOOD LTD. - REED PAPER SALES LTD.  
POWELL, LANE MANUFACTURING CO. LTD. - R. E. FREEMAN & WESCOTT LTD.

Another was Albert E. Reed, who that same year began to make super-calendered newsprint and other printing papers at Tovil, near Maidstone, having converted an almost derelict straw mill acquired the previous year. Expanding his paper-making business with the energy and enterprise so typical of the times, he founded one of the largest paper-making organisations in the world. For to-day the four mills of the Reed Paper Group, with its unrivalled technical experience and resources, produce more than a quarter of a million tons of paper a year — newsprint, printings, Reed's famous Aylesford Kraft and other kinds of wrapping papers.

*Head Office: 105 Piccadilly London W.1*



*"Yes-it's  
MARTELL  
-my old  
friend"*

Est. 1715

**MARTELL**  
CORDON BLEU

*A very fine  
Liqueur Brandy*

also CORDON ARGENT and EXTRA



WHEN IT'S A QUESTION OF TIME...



There are times when a man *must* stay in his office. At such times he should be able to contact anyone anywhere in the premises without moving from his desk, and without engaging his telephone operator's time. But, when he needs to move around the place, he should be able to deal as expeditiously with anything as if he were still in his own room, to make and take 'phone calls without anyone having to hold on while he is being found.

With T.R. Service you can have it both ways, and many other facilities besides. Internal Telephones, Internal Broadcasting, Time Recorders installed and maintained under guarantee by Telephone Rentals Ltd.—that's T.R. Service. Spend a profitable moment now to write for full particulars.



**SERVICE**  
*speeds production*

**INTERNAL TELEPHONES** for speedy speech contact.

**INTERNAL BROADCASTING** for staff location, time signals, works relations, announcements and music.

**TIME CONTROL** for making man-hours more productive.

WRITE TO INF. P. 12, BENT HOUSE, BUTLAND GARDENS, LONDON, S.W. 7,  
OR YOUR NEAREST BRANCH—14 THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM.  
ALSO JOHANNESBURG, CAPE TOWN, PARIS AND BRUSSELS.



## "HERE WE GO ROUND THE TOTEM POLE"

—hummed the Lion when he and the Unicorn broke their journey across Canada to visit an Indian reservation. The C.P.R. train-conductor arranged the stop-over for them—no red tape at all.

"What's that queer creature at the top?" asked the Unicorn, fascinated. "That's a loon, the guardian spirit of the tribe," said the Lion. "Seems they're great fishermen. Brother Loon there helps them with the catch."



"Salmon?" demanded the Unicorn eagerly.

"Oh yes, salmon and black bass and muskelunge and six kinds of trout." "Rainbow trout à la Canadian Pacific" mused the Unicorn with emotion. "The dining-car steward last night told me just how they cook it."



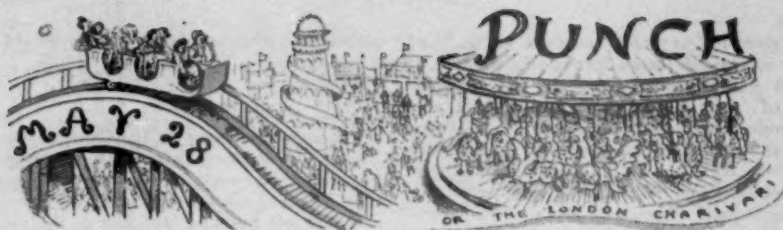
"There's a Canadian Pacific lodge, not five miles away—care to see if the recipe still works?" proposed the Lion. "Daresay one of these chaps would paddle us across." "A few days' fishing in this wonderful air will make a new beast of me," assented the Unicorn. "And we're sure to be comfortable—that goes without saying when one goes or stays C.P.R."

See your authorised agent or

### Canadian Pacific

Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. (Whitehall 5100).  
103 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3. (Avenue  
4707) LONDON and offices throughout  
Britain and the Continent.





## CHARIVARIA

THE stables of Versailles Palace have been offered to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization for use as a headquarters. If the offer is accepted it is hoped that the Organization will lose no time in instructing its Security Officers to institute the usual anti-nobbling precautions.

An assistant in a nationalized bookshop in Bratislava is said to have got into trouble with the police by arranging books so that their titles would read as a criticism of conditions under Communist rule. The report caused some liveliness among employees in the London bookshop of H.M. Stationery Office, who at once went out into Kingsway and examined their window displays. Fortunately, nothing very serious was found. It was, however, thought prudent to separate "These Rights and Freedoms" from "Increase in Passenger Fares," and "Salted Cod" from "The Price of Peace."

All new public houses in the Harlow, Essex, area are to be named after moths and butterflies found in the county. Bona fide fellow-travellers will be welcome at "The Red Admiral."

The public has been shocked by the scale of last week's mail robberies, and it is to be hoped that the police will spare no effort to seek out and destroy what must be a large and highly-integrated criminal machine. No minor organization could have struck so hard and so often in so small a space of time. The headlines speak for themselves.

"£50,000 London Mail Grab."—*The Star*

"Cosh Gang Ambush London Mail Van: '£75,000 Haul.'"—*The Evening News*

"London Gang Ambush £150,000 Mail Van."—*Evening Standard*

"£25,000 West End Raid, Masked Men Steal Mail Van."—*Evening Standard* (later the same day)

"Secret Orders to Beat £100,000 Banknote Gang."—*Daily Herald*

"Dirty Notes Raiders Grab £90,000."—*News Chronicle*

These figures, added to a haul of £120,000 mentioned in the *Daily Mirror*, another of £45,000 referred to in a B.B.C. news bulletin, and the £200,000 loss announced in the House of Lords by the P.M.G., reach the immense total of £855,000. Something must be done.

According to an article, scientists are experimenting with an electronic brain designed to solve problems of military strategy. It is said the thing is so human it has even begun to jot down its memoirs.

As a result of the headline "Hat Stops Train" we have received a letter from the hat concerned, calling our attention to the existence of the Inanimate Objects Guild. This body, whose President is a leading bird's-nest (of "Bird's-nest Gases Three in Caravan"), has been formed for the protection of Things against Press misrepresentation of this kind. "I think I may say," our correspondent writes, "that I am a hat of good character. I was in no way responsible for what occurred, and yet I have been obliged, by the



publicity given me, to go into indefinite hiding. Can you assist us, through the medium of your columns, to stamp out such scurrilous allegations as 'Tree Aids Thugs' and 'Shirt Chokes Laundress,' which only serve to worsen the relations, already strained, between the animate and the inanimate worlds?" We are very pleased to be of help. At the same time, we may perhaps mention the newly-formed Society for the Defence of Animal Character. By a curious coincidence we had a letter from the joint hon. secretaries of the Society the following day, enclosing several misleading cuttings and signed by the swan of "Swan Holds Up Motor Coach" and the mouse of "Mouse Starts Blaze."

Speaking at Aberdeen the other day Mr. Eden told his audience that there was reason to hope that the danger of war might have receded. Students of diplomatic language are of the opinion that this

represents a considerable advance on the old, or "War is not inevitable," situation.

A woman reported to the Chicago police that a guitar, 8 lb. of Brazilian peanuts, four pairs of socks, one muffler, six cartons of cigarettes, one dress suit and twelve cans of sardines had been stolen from her car and that her husband, who was in the vehicle, was also missing. Some of the items, she pointed out, were of considerable sentimental value.

#### Points of View

"The Yalta Conference is travestied in a short sequence in which Mr. Churchill, portrayed by an actor of a grotesque simian appearance, is made to seem absurdly senile and obstructive." *Daily Telegraph*

"The scenes at the Yalta Conference, in which actors playing Churchill and Roosevelt take part, are pointed but without malice."—*Daily Worker*



"Anyway, I suppose we'll get paid overtime?"

# PROTEST MEETING

**V**OATED into the chair by virtue of his seniority—it was estimated that he had been out of work for half a century—the Wicked Squire opened the proceedings by outlining the purposes for which the meeting had been convened.

Almost alone (said the Wicked Squire) amongst those classes of society which had from time to time suffered under the economic lash—

*The Remittance Man*: By Jove, yee!

—almost alone (he continued) the Literary Types had remained silent. They had seen, with anxiety and regret, those gradual changes in style, subject and mood which had robbed them of their livelihood; but they had said nothing.

*The Strong Silent Man*: Quite right.

The Wicked Squire thanked his esteemed colleague for his observations, lengthy though they had been to the point of prolixity. It was a fault rarely discovered in his esteemed colleague. (*Laughter.*) Up to a point silence was the correct attitude. He had himself suffered longer than any of them. He had some difficulty in recalling the exact date of the last occasion on which a shrinking damsel had had to be delivered from his lawless clutches. (*Cries of "Shame!"*) He thanked the distinguished company for that generous resentment of his own wrongs. But silence had availed them nothing. The time for positive action had come.

*A Voice*: Strike!

He begged the pardon of the gentleman—he believed him to be Don Quien Sabe—who had suggested a strike. He would, in all courtesy, point out that the essential feature of a strike was that one withheld one's labour from those who required it on unacceptable terms. He did not wish to stress the point, but their labour was not required by anybody on any terms at all.

Don Quien Sabe interposed to correct the Chairman. The strike he had in mind involved the use of

an edged tool, with the thumb carefully in line with the blade.

The Bronzed Tea-planter advanced the view that Don Quien Sabe was an infernal cad.

The Wicked Squire said that matters would not be improved by a display of disunity. This was a cause in which differences, however long-standing, must be made up. He himself was prepared to make friendly overtures to the Rightful Heir, and, as a first step in that direction, had only that morning sold his collection of horsewhips.

The Rightful Heir here rose to say that he had heard the remarks of the Chairman with some relief, and that, for his own part, he was willing to abandon a much-cherished scheme for entombing the Chairman in a disused quarry. (*General applause.*)

Since coercive action (continued the Wicked Squire) was beyond them, they must be prepared to throw themselves upon the generosity of authors. (*Sceptical growns.*) Authors were not devoid of generosity. It was untrue to say that they were. The plight of the old stalwarts of the craft was perhaps unknown to modern writers. Surveying the field of fiction to-day he felt sure that the root of their trouble grew in ignorance. What author, he would ask, would willingly choose for his hero a balding, nail-biting psychiatrist, when it was open to him to employ a Clean-limbed Young Englishman.

*A Clean-limbed Young Englishman*: Oh—I say!

Again (went on the Chairman), what author, anxious to depict villainy in its deepest dye, would not prefer their revolting confrère, Doctor Ah Chee, to the type of unrefined oaf, now so popular, who was so lacking in imagination that he destroyed his victims outright? (*Cries of "Shame!"*) For his own part, he had met nothing approximating to himself for many years. Such Squires as survived seemed to have lost all appetite for wickedness, and were content to pass their days showing the curious over their ancestral homes at a shilling a head. He hesitated to use the word "effete." (*A Voice*: "Use it!")



"It's the only way  
I can get him to eat it."

Very well, he would use it. They were effete. As for the ladies, there was a marked and deplorable contrast between the damsels of his day and those of the present. He did not wish to be unkind, but he doubted if a modern damsel could shrink. If approached by a vile betrayer—the description was applied to himself frequently—he was not ashamed of it—indeed, he gloried in the name—(*Cheers*)—he felt that the modern damsel would seize the opportunity for a display of unwomanly violence. He deprecated the spread of athleticism amongst their womenfolk. It was unwomanly.

He would pass over (the Chairman concluded) the sad condition of such neglected characters as the Faithful Servitor, the Crusty Millionaire and the Besom. They, and others like them, had been out of work for thirty years. He called upon the authors of England—(*The Besom*: "And America!")—to pay their debt of gratitude. He felt that the authors of England were men who loved justice. He did not think that they were in the racket only for money. Let the call come when it might, he, for one, was ready. If any doubted that his old powers still survived, let them produce a shrinkable damsel, and he would show them. (*Loud and prolonged cheering.*) G. H. M. NICHOLS

## NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

"THEY fasten red wool round a hook, and fix on to the wool two feathers which grow under a cock's wattles, and which in colour are like wax. Their rod is six feet long, and their line is the same length. Then they throw their snare, and the fish, attracted and maddened by the colour, come straight at it, thinking from the pretty sight to get a dainty mouthful; when, however, it opens its jaws, it is caught by the hook and enjoys a bitter repast, a captive."

The scene is Macedonia. The year some time in the third century, A.D., and the fish have "speckled skins." The translation from the Greek of *Ælian* is by Mr. O. Lambert (1881), quoted by Mr. William Radcliffe in *Fishing from the Earliest Times*. Those who go angling for trout, it seems to me, cannot do better than take their old *Ælian* with them. I would take him myself, if I had him.

He lived in the grand old days of Septimius Severus. He was a rhetorician, and called the Honey-tongued. He wrote, among other things, about the Nature of Animals, always a source of quiet fun. He is supposed to have survived the Emperor Heliogabalus, and for this feat I think some credit is also due.

Heliogabalus, who considered himself to be the Sun and married the Moon (*ex premières nocces*) had queer ways, one of which was to offer a prize for the invention of new sauces. But if the Emperor did not like the sauce, the inventor had to live on that sauce, and that alone, until he invented a new and a better one. We can see what a trial that must have been to the people of Worcester, then a small and struggling colony on the outskirts of the Imperial domains.

But we are not talking about Heliogabalus and his rude fun, we are talking about *Ælian* and the gentle craft. These fish with speckled skins, he tells us, feed on a fly peculiar to the country, which hovers on the river. "It is not like flies found elsewhere, nor does it resemble a wasp in appearance, nor in shape can one justly describe it as a midge or a bee, yet it has something of each of these. In boldness it is like a fly, in size you might call it a midge, it imitates the colour of a wasp, and it hums like a bee. The natives generally call it 'Hippouros.'"

On warm days, no doubt, they found other names,

but the fish, apparently, found it irresistible. They swam quietly up, afraid to stir the water lest they should scare away the prey, and then, opening their mouths gently, they gulped it down, "like a wolf carrying off a sheep from the fold, or an eagle a goose from the farmyard."

The fishermen did not use the natural fly, so *Ælian* says, because it withered when it was touched, and became unfit food for the fish.

"For this reason they have nothing to do with them, hating them for their bad character; but they have planned a snare for the fish and get the better of them by their fisherman's craft."

Hence the cock feathers and the red wool. It is a thousand pities that *Ælian* does not tell us whether they fished wet or dry. But the curious thing is that it seems to have been about fourteen hundred years before anybody talked about fly-fishing again.

Heliogabalus, who keeps coming back at me, never ate sea fish except at a great distance from the sea. It was his custom to distribute vast quantities of the rarest sorts, brought at an immense expense, to the peasants of the inland country. His attitude towards trout is unknown, but I like to think that it was favourable, if they were caught sufficiently far from Rome, in the Macedonian manner; I should like to think also that he died of eating them, accompanied by a peculiarly horrible sauce. But no, he was murdered in the usual way of business, by the Prætorian Guard, and thrown into the Tiber, whose fish, if it had any, no doubt enjoyed the bitter repast.

EVOE

## IKE

**F**ORGIVE us! When, ten years ago, the armies put to sea,

We heard of General Eisenhower sailing at their head  
And, fluttering our Army Lists a shade impatiently,

"Who may *he* be?" we said.

We learnt all right. You led us on to triumph in the West,

Then sought your just retirement, with your honours  
thick about you.

Yet leisure's not for leaders; we were conquered with  
the rest,

And couldn't do without you!

Well, now you're called to battle on a new, domestic  
scene

And there we may not serve with you; but win or  
lose alike,

Be-laurelled in the White House or back home in  
Abilene,

Remember we too like Ike.

B. A. YOUNG







THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANTS



**L**OT of business!" said the taxi-driver. "Not me. I put the cab away for the day that day."

"Ah," I said, "and got up on the Downs?"

"Not me. Get right away for the day and let them have it to themselves."

This was a set-back at the start. If you arrive in Epsom in late May you may or may not expect a bit of information (man must hope), but at least you look for enthusiasm and anticipatory excitement. We did not find it. But this was my first attempt, and I persisted. I said "Does the town a bit of good, though, doesn't it?" He looked as if he could say a good deal but was too polite. "Don't know," he compromised. "Spoils it, really."

We got out at the Spread Eagle and walked round. The shops, except for the lovely little chemist's in High Street, are the sprawling progeny of the Tottenham Court Road. The public buildings are in every period of municipal staple, from the dashing modernist fire

station to the orotund glories of the clock-tower and its purlieus. It was any suburban town in this suburban corner of England. In Newmarket the pavements are full of jolly, bandy-legged little men in jodhpurs, and the shopkeepers look as if they had just spat out their straw to speak to you. Epsom is no more a racing town than Surbiton.

We tried a small newsagent's, thinking that the traditional affinity between news-selling and the racing business could not fail us. As a matter of fact, I am not sure it altogether did. The newsagent, bald and bland and knowledgeable, had a shelf of likely-looking literature at the back and some interesting visitors. But he was discouraging enough to us. "Never been!" he said. "Take my advice, keep away. It's terrible. Three years ago I was up there—couldn't

get a bet on." He broke off as a friend pushed a slip of paper across the counter. "Right-oh, Charlie, ta," he said. "No," he said to us, "take my advice. You stop away and watch it on television."

We thanked him and bought a local paper. The front page said "ELDERLY COUPLE ATTACKED: LODGER IN UNGOVERNABLE RAGE—BUTCHER HAD TOO MUCH PORK—FATHERS STAGGERED AS HE PUSHED PRAM." The sports page was all cricket, with a bit of boxing and the fag-end of football. Horses were not mentioned.

There was a seedy little man at the street corner reading a London paper with such intensity that his head was thrust down and forward over his pigeon chest and his cold pipe pointed vertically at the page. His trousers were of moss-green tweed.

(There is a picture of them on the next page, but they need colour.) We thought "This is it." He didn't hear when I spoke to him. I went right up and peered over his bowed shoulder. He was looking at the strip cartoon. Twenty minutes later he was still there, looking at the pools page.

Perhaps he wasn't really the right type. Those trousers were pretty unclassifiable. Now the colonel, he was different. He was a type all right. The newsagent (it was a big one this time, who was also bookseller, stationer and fancy goods, but we were still hoping) was apologizing for having no spare *Telegraph*. "Haven't had one," the colonel said, almost piteously, "haven't had one at all. Didn't leave it." "Can't make it out," said the newsagent; "that's a very reliable boy." "As a rule," he added,

#### OF EPSOM'S ORDEAL

catching the colonel's eye. The colonel said "Tchah," in so many words. I suggested that things must get a bit upset at this time of the year. "Upset?" he said. "Upset? What's there to get upset about?" He stumped off in his straight-cut plus-fours and panama hat, hell-bent on normality. And yet he must have lost hundreds of chips in his time at Annandale and the Christmas meetings at Lahore.

The old lady in the bonnet—a real one, a thing I hadn't seen for years—felt things weren't at all the same. When she was a girl (she had bright blue eyes and an oval face, and must have been a poppet sixty-odd years ago) it had been the day of the year, with picnics in wagonettes on the Downs and everybody you knew. Now with all these charabancs— To tell the truth, we didn't ask her, but that's what she felt. She finished her coffee with pleasurable reluctance, smiled at the waitress and went off, a bit bent but still sprightly, to one of those little houses with laburnums and may in the garden off Ashley Road.

The police put things a bit more in perspective, but the facts are

impressive enough. Near a million people on the Downs, ten thousand cars, six thousand coaches. Police on duty? Say nine hundred all told. The race is run at three-fifteen. The extra men come on at nine and go off at seven. The crowds come in about midday and are all clear within a couple of hours of the finish. And this in a network of suburban roads that one has to feel one's way through, even on a normal day. It is hardly worth making the point that no other country in the world could do anything like it. "These extra police," I said, "their main job's the crowds? What about crime? I read something recently about a special Court sitting up on the course." They hadn't heard of that. Crime? Practically none. The gangs did come down once some years back, but the police got in amongst them before they properly got started. The inspector smiled to himself. I wondered whether he had been one of the constables who did the getting in amongst; but perhaps it wasn't as long ago as that.

I said Epsom wasn't a horsey town. Well, they said, they didn't know about that. A good dozen training stables, strings all over the Downs most mornings. But that was all out on one side, of course. Perhaps the town wasn't much interested.

It was late when we saw George. He couldn't actually have been a relation of the colonel's, but there was certainly a likeness. Perhaps it was the hat. We hailed him as the only one of his kind we'd seen. "Ah," said George, "that's it, is it? Well, of course, I've got my own ideas. I was talking to one of Darling's lot, matter o' fact." Then his eye turned in upon itself. "Of course," he said, "your guess is as good as mine." "Done a bit yourself in your time?" we suggested. He flexed his mighty muscles and rocked a bit on his feet. "Well," he said, "I wouldn't say but I mightn't have."

The Downs were green and sunlit and full of air, a pleasant place dominated by the gaunt white skeleton of the course and stand, for all the world like harbour works at low spring tide. This is a common,



though you would risk your life at times to assert your rights in it. On a clear day you can see St. Paul's; and I suppose on the same day you could, if you wished, go up St. Paul's and see the grandstand. The grass is like ordinary meadow-grass scythed down. I had expected something like velvet for the almost holy feet of these fabulous three-year-olds. And the slopes and curves are formidable. The greatest flat race in the world is still surprisingly naturalistic.

Perhaps after all, so far as the Downs are concerned, the caddy was right. Spoils it, really. But a lot of people have a lot of fun. And I still don't know what will win. As for George, I don't believe a word of it.

P. M. HUBBARD





"That's merely your opinion."

#### NEWS FROM RUSSIA, 2052 A.D.

**M**OSCOW, TUESDAY.—One of the most remarkable events in recent times in the U.S.S.R., the lifting of press censorship under the new Press Enlightenment Order, was officially announced by *Pravda* to-day in a four-line paragraph on the back page. Stalin's birthday—his 173rd—occupied its traditional place on the front page, and forty-four columns in other pages were devoted as usual to the lists of gifts from the Marshal's admirers. Significantly, these included articles from well-wishers in South Antarctica and the long-evacuated Hebridean isle of St. Kilda.

Stalin was not present at the great military parade held in his honour in Red Square, and is reported to have watched it on television, whose inventor, the Russian engineer Kathodaky, will be sixty next month.

*Izvestiya* ignored the new order altogether. Whether intentionally, or because the full significance of the new measure is not yet fully understood, remains to be seen. *Izvestiya's* main editorial to-day raised the now familiar bogey of Britain's alleged aggressive intentions in Space, and pointed with some dismay to what was described as the formidable British and Satellite Forces now circling the Earth in Orbit One, only 18,000 Space miles from Moscow.

"These Forces," *Izvestiya* observed sarcastically, "are not just taking the oxygen."

The editorial concluded with a pointed reference to M. Vishinsky's recently noted characteristic of nodding his head in apparent agreement with all decisions taken in the higher councils of U.N.

"Perhaps," the writer added ominously, "Mr. Vishinsky is indeed asleep."

Under what is believed here to be an agreed stratagem it was left to *Krokodil*, the Soviet humorous magazine, to test the sincerity of the Supreme Soviet's intentions regarding the restoration of press freedom, and this week's issue celebrates the sundering of the fetters of almost a hundred years of Party directives with a boldness and verve that has set all Moscow chattering.

Significantly, as this is written, the editor and staff of *Krokodil* are still at liberty.

*Krokodil's* leading article, illustrated in the new two-colour process by many of the Soviet's leading academicians, was headed: "Old Friends from the Salt Mines." In this, with captions explaining their absence over the past 130 years, appeared such long-banned, legendary and historical bourgeois heroes as Santa Claus, Rip van Winkle, Wee Willie Winkie, Winston Churchill, Bing Crosby and Marshal Tito. There was also a long poem by the Soviet Poet Laureate, Seanislavsky, entitled,



roughly, "Poor Old Joe." A translation of the first verse follows:

*Banished are the days  
When we footed the Party Line,  
Banished are the days  
When what was yours was mine.*

In some quarters this is regarded as a somewhat liberal interpretation of the new order.

The back page of the magazine delved into history and emerged with an anthology of humour covering roughly the 150 years during which anti-State humour was verboten. The following are taken at random from this amusing Russian "Chestnut Grove."

(From the official record of O.G.P.U. Interrogation of Political Suspects):

Q. *How many Divisions are there in U.S.S.R.?*

A. *None. We are indivisible.*  
and

Q. *Which came first, the chicken or the egg?*

A. *In a classless society there is no priority.*

Naturally these jests have tickled the long-parched risibilities of the Muscovites.

But the new order has had perhaps its most bewildering effect on the representatives of the foreign press in Moscow. There are now 396 accredited correspondents of foreign newspapers and agencies in the Soviet capital. And with the lifting of censorship the basic requirement of the Moscow correspondent—a knowledge and critical appreciation of the ballet—is now, regrettably perhaps, no longer necessary. But the truth is that at the moment there is a notable scarcity of other news.

One colleague who has had a dispatch on the Red Army sewn into the lining of his kulpak for the past thirty years on the remote chance that he might one day get out with it, took the message out yesterday, changed the date and presented it at the cable office for transmission to New York. The cable clerk, after counting the words, informed him affably that the information contained in the dispatch was somewhat out-of-date and, with a polite by-your-leave, amended the figures according to what he claimed were the latest dispositions. Another correspondent who has been trying unsuccessfully for the past twenty-five years to get to Omak was given full facilities to-day.

The first of Marshal Stalin's new weekly press conferences was held at the Kremlin to-day and passed off in an atmosphere of the greatest cordiality. The Marshal announced the new lines of policy for the ballet in the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow and the Kirov Theatre in Leningrad. There were no questions.

(Informatively to Editor: an exclusive dispatch interpreting the new ballet trends follows by cable.)

#### Rough Customers

"For the hymn test, the weather was most unkind. A cold nor-easter blow in guests that flattened music stands and chairs on the platform."—*Auckland Star*

#### THE FESTIVAL SEASON

Readers may like to make a note of the following "Festival" dates:

##### May to September. Pitlochry

Drama, mostly Scottish—including the first performance of Scott's *Devergoil*—in a remarkable tented theatre.

##### 22—31 May. Bath Assembly

Music (chiefly Mozart and Haydn this year), drama, films, puppets, exhibitions. Also lighter amusements, including fireworks and a river pageant.

##### 18 June—20 July. Glyndebourne

Opera in a country-house setting. This year's productions are Rossini's *Cenerentola*, Verdi's *Macbeth*, and Mozart's *Idomeneo* and *Così Fan Tutte*.

##### 17 August—6 September. Edinburgh

The most redoubtable of all the festivals: eight orchestras (including one from Amsterdam and one from Stuttgart), the Hamburg State Opera, three ballet companies, four theatre companies, and a blaze of illustrious soloists.



"Right!—I'll come



immediately."

## LIFE WITH THE GROOBYS

## The Homecoming

SOMEHOW, one had never thought of Mrs. Fish as a married woman. Sentinel on the watch-tower, news-hawk, and local broadcasting system, she was complete in herself; and if Mr. Fish ever crossed one's mind, it was as something altogether shadowy—a trivial incident in her salad days, before she realized herself. The news was therefore the more startling.

We were walking up to the shops when Miss Quelch's tall figure came into view. With her five dachshunds cluttered about her feet, their long nylon leads weaving and crossing with nightmarish zest, she looked like a mobile maypole bearing down upon us.

"Bildad! Stubbs!" she was saying. "Put it down! Dirty! How nice to see you! Tashtego! Drop it! I've been meaning to call! Ahab! Get up off the damp ground! So Captain Fish is coming home!" She smiled equivocally as she was dragged off towards a gate-post. "Dear, oh, dear!" she said.

We waited until the dogs had completed their investigations, and then we set off down the hill in a slight daze, the shopping forgotten. It was when we were passing the Grooby house that she said it again. The boys were in the garden spraying Mrs. Grooby's bicycle with what smelt like liquid manure. Miss Quelch paused. "Poor Captain Fish will find there have been changes," she said. "Five years is a long time." Her melancholy contralto was enriched by a philosophical acceptance: on the whole, people got what they deserved, especially men.



ROY DAVIS

"Who is Captain Fish?" my wife said courageously.

Miss Quelch looked at us and gave a deep baying laugh: "Witty, witty," she said. "Extremely droll!" and as she went off down the road to her bungalow we could hear her saying to herself: "Who is Captain Fish? Ha, ha! Truly droll! Delightful!"

Mrs. Prudder came tiptoeing down our path about half an hour later, with Mr. Prudder just behind her. Mrs. Prudder is a human footnote—with a sixth sense which tells her when anyone needs enlightenment. She announced that she wouldn't come in.

"I suppose you've heard?" she whispered.

"What?" we said.

Mrs. Prudder looked round mysteriously, startling Prudder who began buttoning and unbuttoning his raincoat nervously. She leant forward: "Captain Fish is coming home!" she mouthed. We had to lip-read; she wasn't even whispering.

"Won't you come in?" my wife said, and Mrs. Prudder murmured that it might be better, and they came in and Mr. Prudder took off his hat and gazed around the hall. I decided to take him to look at my new slow-burning stove. Mr. Prudder has an interest in these things, and my wife handles Mrs. Prudder more confidently alone. When we came back the two women were smiling and Mrs. Prudder said how nice of me it was to show Ernest the stove, wasn't it Ernest, and what a nice chat they'd had, and now they must be going.

"Well?" I said to my wife when they had gone.

"Mrs. Fish's husband. Merchant Service. Chinese Coastal Line."

"Oh," I said. "Fancy that. Mrs. Fish excited?"

"Mrs. Prudder says she's agitated."

"Agitated?"

"Mrs. Prudder says she has a very highly developed sense of

responsibility, and that she fears that Captain Fish will blame her for all the changes that have taken place."

"What changes?" I said.

"The new houses and the people and so on."

"Us?"

"Everyone, I gather. Captain Fish has very high standards. Mrs. Prudder only hopes that in her case the fact that her uncle was a purser in the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company may forge a link."

"A man of iron, eh?" I said.

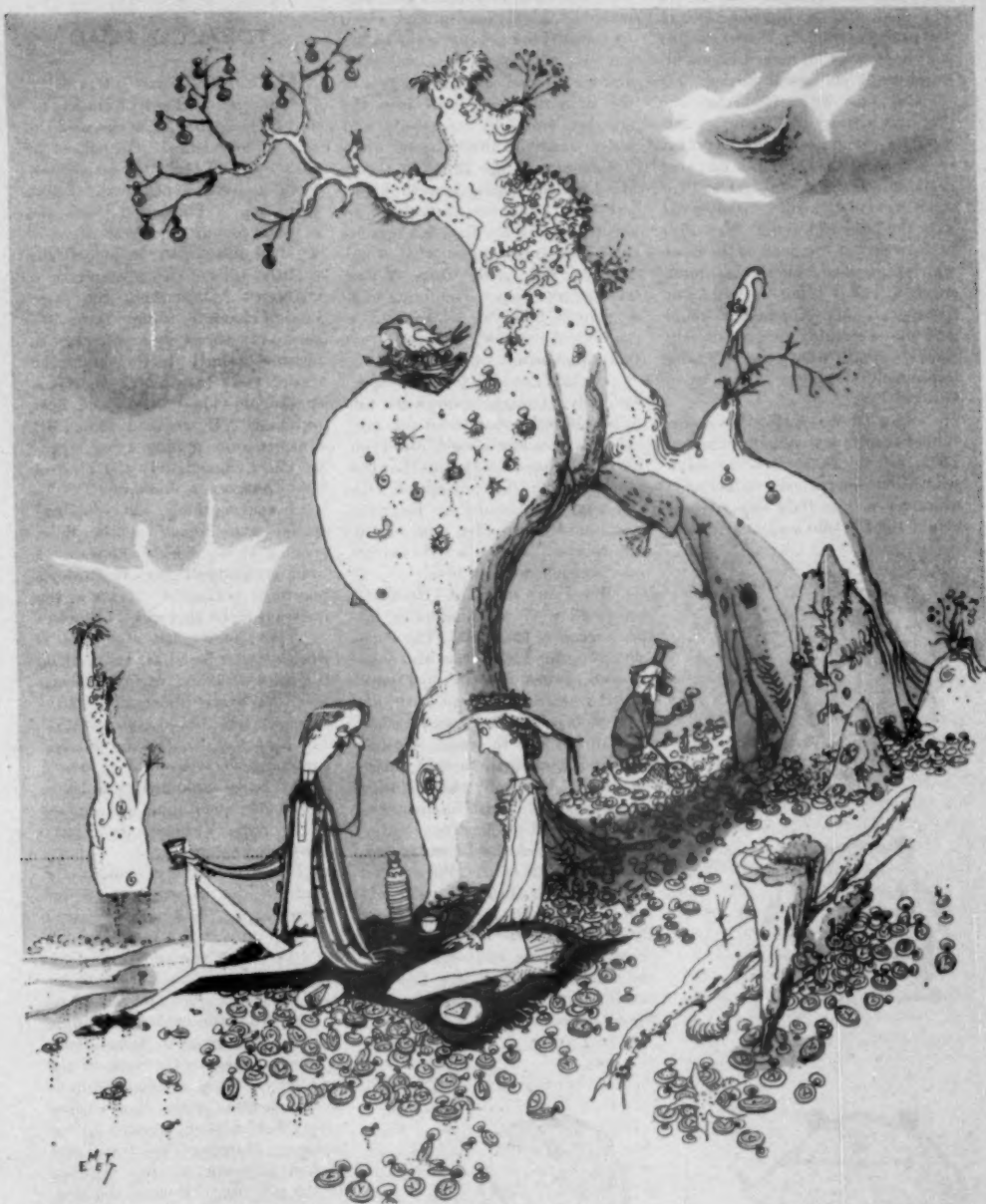
"Teak was the word Mrs. Prudder used," my wife said, "and shipshape was another, and land-lubbers. Mr. Prudder is felt to be something of a land-lubber..."

"Mm-hm," I said.

"The important thing is the Groobys," my wife said. "Mrs. Fish feels very strongly about this. At all costs the boys must be kept in ignorance and out of sight. At the critical time of Captain Fish's arrival they are to be lured away—quite how has not been decided, but no expense will be spared."

Actually, very little expense was involved. Mr. Prudder was given the task of constructing a vehicle out of some old boxes and pram wheels, upon which, when the fateful day arrived, he was to drag the Grooby boys away to some distant park. Meanwhile a kind of news-proof cordon was thrown about the Grooby household, the paper-boy and the postman were personally screened by Mrs. Prudder, and Mrs. Fish set about spring-cleaning the quarter-deck and polishing the portholes.

The rest of us went on with our normal lives as well as the lengthening shadow of the returning mariner would allow. Casual conversation in the road dwindled under Mrs. Prudder's watchful eye, and an oppressive silence fell, which was broken only by the howls of Mrs. Fish's spaniels, who were undergoing a belated slimming course, the sounds of Prudder making the night



*"There's a silly story that this bit of coast is infested with some kind of smuggling."*

joint-labourer with the day in his tool-shed, and the raucous voice of the unregenerate Mr. Snape singing sea-shanties as he moved about his unnaturally successful garden.

Our first intimation that the day had arrived was when we saw Prudder setting out with a packet of jam sandwiches and a cartload of Groobys. A communal sigh of relief went up as they disappeared over the brow of the hill. Mrs. Fish broke a flag at the head of the mast which protruded from the bathroom window, and I began to paint our front gate. My wife said it would give me something to do with my hands, apart from the pleasing impression it might make upon Captain Fish.

The road was bathed in warm sunlight and quiet, calm expectancy. The very birds seemed to have stilled their song in order to listen for whatever it was they expected to herald the Captain's approach; but

even the birds must have been surprised by the confused hubbub which was wafted towards us on the balmy air. My wife joined me at the gate, and we avoided each other's eyes as the noise resolved itself into the mingled sound of voices old and young raised in distant song upon the subject of the drunken sailor. We listened, hoping against hope; but there was no mistaking the shrill voices of the Groobys matching themselves against what could only be the harsh tones of the treacherous Snape. Trembling with a sense of betrayal, we took up a convenient stance between two flowering-currant bushes.

We had not long to wait before, suddenly, zig-zagging down the hill in a recklessly abandoned manner, came Mr. Prudder's bogie. But even at that distance it was clear that the man sitting on the contraption with the youngest Grooby on his knee was not Mr. Prudder, nor was it Mr. Snape. It was a red-bearded man dressed in navy blue.

Mrs. Fish's shriek of "Horace!" coincided with our shuddering apprehension of the truth. The bogie slithered round the corner and came to rest against the Groobys' gate. The red-bearded figure hoisted himself to his feet and came rolling hesitantly down the road. He was a smaller man than we had anticipated, and by some optical illusion he seemed to diminish in stature as he approached his waiting wife.

We watched them turn and go silently into the house. We avoided looking at Mrs. Prudder and could scarcely bear to think of poor Prudder. He came home under the cover of darkness, and next morning my wife said she saw Mrs. Prudder handing him his breakfast through the tool-shed window.



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## TOBACCO ROAD

"TOBACCO," said Wormsley, blowing a cloud of smoke towards the ceiling, "has changed the face of literature." He paused to take out another Mexican cheroot from a leather cigar-case before going on. "A hundred years ago a writer required several pages of detailed observation to suggest the slightly sinister background of a character. Describing the same kind of character to-day, the writer need only throw in a reference to nicotine-stained teeth, and the reader nods knowingly: here is a shady individual who will bear watching. If we read that 'Mr. Choggers was puffing a big cigar,' we know immediately the kind of man Choggers is, don't we?"

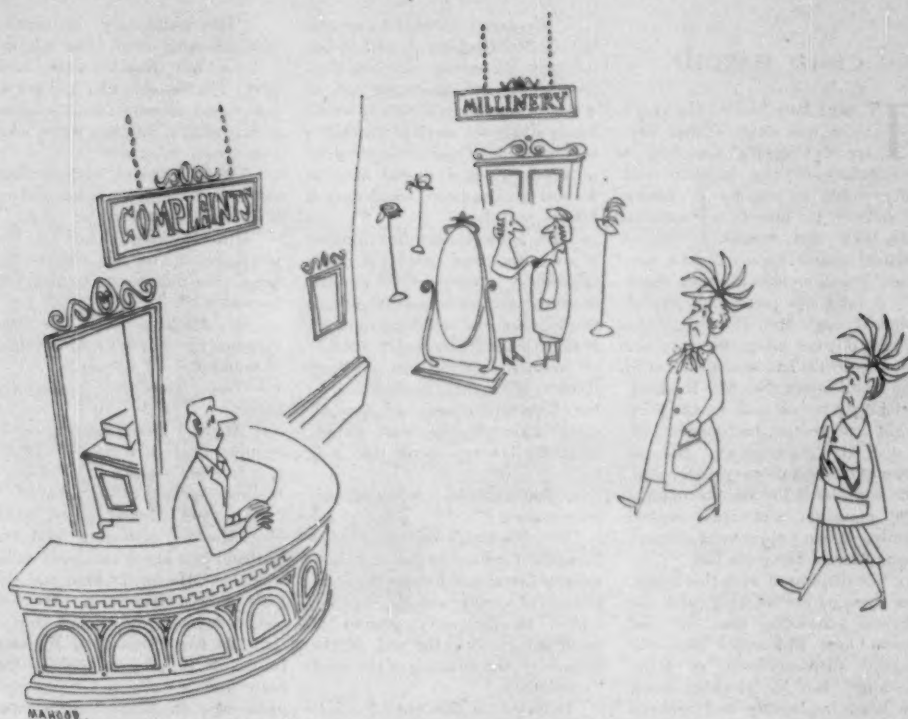
I said nothing, but remained seated cross-legged on the floor, sucking at my Turkish hookah. I was accustomed to Wormsley's pontifical outbursts. I knew the question to be rhetorical. It was.

"We know that Choggers is wealthy, that he is fat, and that he is a business man," replied Wormsley. "A handy short-cut twenty-five years ago; but in my new work, *The Leaf Motif in Popular Fiction*, I intend to show how the writers of to-day have expanded this device into a tiresome and meaningless literary prop. You agree that I have a case, don't you?"

I frowned at my hookah and pondered for a moment before answering. "This thing isn't gurgling properly," I said.

"Of course you agree," Wormsley went on, as he laid aside his half-smoked cheroot and picked up a book from the table beside him. "Take this passage from *Dawn of Desire*, this week's book of the month: 'For a moment Monica stood toying with the slender ebony holder, then, crossing to the antique Burnese ash-tray, she flicked a speck of grey ash on to the pile rug. "Roger," she said, "will you marry me?" Roger picked up his North African briar from the maroon-and-gilt pipe-stand and examined the carved stem





thoughtfully. Casually he opened the white calfskin pouch, and drawing out four ounces of Balkan shag stuffed them into the large meerschaum bowl. His hand trembled visibly as he leaned forward to light a taper in the open fire, then he sat back comfortably and blew out four smoke-rings—three large ones and a small one—before answering. "No," he said. "You see?" said Wormsley. "Nothing but tobacco-stained detail. You do see what I mean, don't you?"

"Perhaps," I said, "there's too much water in the bowl."

"Of course you do. That's the kind of thing that has robbed fiction of vitality and virility. Nothing but this interminable business of lighting, putting out, picking up, putting down, inhaling or exhaling of the cigarette, the cigar, or the pipe."

"Or," I added, "the hookah."

"What I want is a hero who flushes crimson or turns a flaming red when he's angry, not the insipid stuff you get nowadays, when the best he can do is take a tighter grip on the bowl of his pipe and show a pair of white knuckles. What do you think?"

"Well," I said, "I was just thinking how odd it is that no one has attempted a book on this apparatus. A technical treatise, of course. *Mechanics of the Hookah*, or something like that. A fascinating—"

"Perhaps I'm old-fashioned," said Wormsley, "but give me those red-blooded characters who clenched teeth, flashed eyes, distended nostrils, or jutted jaws to display emotion, and didn't need an ash-tray within arm's reach to show how they were feeling. Those were the lads to make your blood tingle, weren't they?"

My face lit up. "Yes," I said.

"I think I see the whole difficulty now. Something's plugging the tube about three-quarters of the way down."

Wormsley narrowed his eyes and glared at me. "Why, I don't think you've been listening to a word I've said. If you prefer to play the fool with that beastly contraption, I'll leave you to yourself and seek someone else's company."

And viciously butting out his Mexican cheroot on the mantelpiece, Wormsley kicked over the hookah and stalked from the smoke-filled room. His face, I noticed, had turned a flaming red.

"When he came to Sevenoaks in 1936 the branch was non-mechanized and had a staff of seven. Now it is fully mechanized and there are 17 employees."

*Kentish paper*

Mostly robots, of course.

## CHILD HAROLD

"It says here"—Mr. Hocking's voice was bitter—"that Bertrand Russell's son had a vocabulary of one hundred and fifty words at the age of fifteen months." He raised his eyes from his book and turned a sharply critical glance upon his own son, aged fifteen months and four days.

A faint but perceptible tremor went through Mrs. Hocking. The attack did not altogether take her by surprise; it had seemed to her in the small hours that Mr. Hocking, getting up to boil milk for the third night in succession, had done so with a distinctly grudging air. But the form of the assault was rather novel. She considered his statement for a few moments and then replied firmly, "I don't approve of children being hurried along too fast."

Not displeased with this retort, she resumed her knitting, with the obvious conviction that she had shown how ill-founded was the implied disparagement of Baby Hocking. But Mr. Hocking shook his head implacably and referred again to his book. "*His parents*," he read, "*had taken no steps to encourage such precocity*. Bottom of page sixty-nine." Anticipating disbelief, he offered the book for verification.

His wife bit her lip. For a time she seemed baffled. Then her eye lit up. "How many teeth had he?"

"Teeth? It doesn't say."

"I'm not surprised. Harold has thirteen. No, darling, not in the coal bucket. *Dirty!*"

"I thought it was more," said Mr. Hocking, morosely, steering the infant back towards the centre of the carpet with his foot. "Thirteen seems very few in relation to the number of sleepless nights we have suffered. In any case, is there a connection?"

"Of course there is. A baby can't do everything. He concentrates on one thing at a time. If he is learning to cut teeth he can't be learning to talk. Young Russell probably hadn't a tooth in his head at fifteen months."

"We aren't entitled to assume that." Mr. Hocking paused to put ash-tray, cigarettes, matches, Sunday paper and chessmen out of reach. "And even if true it would surely add to the merit of the child's achievement. There are quite a lot of words which I should have to discard from my own vocabulary if I were toothless."

Mrs. Hocking said that thinking it over she was sure that one's vocabulary consisted of the number of words one understood rather than the number one could say oneself. If that were so there was nothing at all wonderful in the case of Baby Russell; if anything he appeared to have been rather backward. Harold, there was not the least doubt, understood every word that was said.

"You mean he's following this conversation?"

Mrs. Hocking's knitting needles flashed her refusal to pay such outrageous literal-mindedness the compliment of a reply, and Mr. Hocking retired to the safer ground of establishing, with the aid of the dictionary, the meaning of the word "vocabulary."

Defeated on this crucial point, his wife seemed to realize for the first time the gravity of the threat. She finally put her knitting by and, getting up from her chair, searched the writing-desk for pencil and paper. Mr. Hocking watched her incredulously. That she should be prepared to take up the challenge on behalf of a baby which, to his ear, had never yet spoken a recognizable word, struck him as unprecedented even in the annals of mother love.

Mrs. Hocking picked up a toy motor car from the floor, waved it to attract the baby's attention, and then said, very slowly and distinctly and yet with a sort of cooing persuasiveness, "*Motor*. Harold say *motor*."

"Groo," said Harold, starting back for the coal scuttle in a wide sweep designed to take him clear of his father. "Groo, groo, groo, groo, groo."

Mrs. Hocking began to write. She went on writing.

"What on earth are you putting down there!" asked her husband.

"His vocabulary, of course." Mrs. Hocking read from her list. "Motor; not; Harold; want; with; play. That's—don't let him get the poker—six already. Isn't it astonishing what a lot they know when one comes to count?"

"What rubbish!" Mr. Hocking raced the baby to the poker and put it on the mantelpiece.

Mrs. Hocking looked at him pityingly. "Surely you heard him say that he didn't want to play with his motor?"

Mr. Hocking shook his head vigorously. "I didn't hear anything of the kind."

"Groo, groo, groo," went the baby.

"Hear." Mrs. Hocking calmly resumed her writing. "That's seven. Kind—that's eight. I don't think he quite got 'anything'."

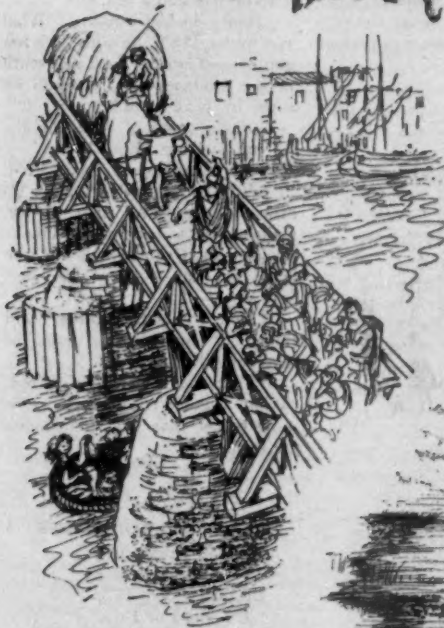
The next hour passed with Mrs. Hocking compiling and her husband pruning as ruthlessly as he was able. He fought hard and the list's growth was slow. By five o'clock it had only reached thirty-six. At five-fifteen Mrs. Hocking broke off to prepare tea for the baby and herself, and it dawned upon Mr. Hocking that he was expected to make his own arrangements. Thereafter his resistance grew progressively less dour, and by six-thirty he was ready to capitulate. In fact it was he who suggested, with the total at one hundred and forty-seven, that a series of indeterminate gutturals from the baby actually meant "Somewhat exhausted; prefer interrogation resumed at a later date"—a winning score, as he pointed out, by a fairly comfortable margin. Mrs. Hocking rejected his proffered assistance, but achieved the same result with a series of sharp singles.

Satisfied with her achievement, she then put the baby to bed and made her husband's tea. The subdued Mr. Hocking was just about to bite into his toasted crumpet when his wife loosed her final, annihilating, shaft. "Just think," she said, looking complacently at the list with its one hundred and fifty-three words, "what his vocabulary would have been if he'd had Bertrand Russell for a father!"



# A COLONIST AT WESTMINSTER

HE was a Roman of the quiet school,  
 And when the legions left their earliest ford  
 At Westminster to use that narrow bridge  
 In London's wall, he, solely, answered nature's call  
 And dwelt on Thorney with the curlews' cries.  
 A coloured villa in the North he built,  
 Where his green vases on the window ledge  
 Looked placidly on 'witching dusks and dawns  
 Wild like Orcadian hours to Southerners.  
 The reeds his Roman thoughts spoke to and pleased  
 And the grave tides swung round him with their peace;  
 And though his family in a Florence street  
 Wrote that he'd "gone too long colonial,"  
 He waited for the years to turn and spent  
 Some of the happiest European days—  
 And died hearing the waders' mournful call  
 And the tide brimming near his oaken door.  
 And those green vases caught the yellow light.



## GUMP

WITH his bat tangled in Phyl's jumper Fred watched the little white ball roll under the crockery cupboard.

"Best to choose ends, really," said Henry, equably accepting his good fortune. "It's not as if you've got a tricky service."

"I was obstructed," said Fred. "Had it all worked out, see?—Hard on the backhand, a droopy return, bam!"

"It just goes to show," said Henry, sympathetically. "What's in the sandwiches, Phyl?" He prized open the bread with his nail. "Spread, is it? Never did go much on that. What've you got your end, Fred?"

"If you could read," said Phyllis cuttingly, tying a handkerchief round her wrist with her teeth, "you'd notice that the plates are labelled."

"Getting classy, aren't we?" said Fred. "Didn't know you was fond of the *Telegraph*, Phyl."

"Tore off a few bits from what was laid in the grate," explained Phyl. "It don't seem nice, people mucking about with the food. Anybody know how to get this lid out of the pot?"

Fred's mind was still on his defeat. "You should have jumped the other way," he complained. "It wasn't as if you didn't know the score. Shouldn't she have, Henry?"

"It depends to some extent on how hot the tea was," said Henry judicially.

Phyl stared hard at her wrist. "It's getting red. I reckon that'll peel before it gets better."

"Aye," said Henry, appraisingly, "that's a scald all right. A good, clean, boiling scald. Bet you there aren't any leaves floating on the top of this tea. What've you done with the lid, Phyl?"

"She told you," said Fred; "it fell in."

Henry peered thoughtfully into the steaming liquid. "That's not nice, Phyl. It's not hygienic. It's not as if it ever gets washed."

"I see what you mean, Henry," said Fred, dipping out a cup from

the top. "Didn't you ought to put a saucer on it, Phyl?"

Phyllis looked fierce. "Haven't either of you got gump enough to do something about it?"

"My skin's always been a bit delicate," said Henry regretfully—"still got to use baby soap, otherwise I comes out in a rash. It wouldn't do for me to plunge me hand into that cauldron."

"Have to let it cool," nodded Fred, blowing at his cup. He took a sandwich. "How did it happen, Phyl? Was you in a hurry, like, and got it jammed and forced it the wrong way?"

"It just slipped through," said Phyl, prodding angrily into the pot with a knife. "No sooner had I filled the pot from the urn, turned off the tap and put on the lid than the tea shot up."

"Too big for the hole, it looks like to me," said Henry sagely. "Give her another knife."

"You've got something there, Henry," said Fred. "Party games. Two needles and a pea, eh?"

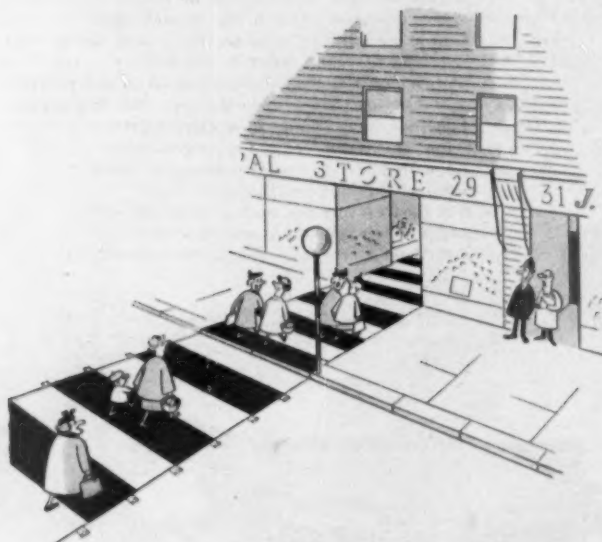
Henry looked blank. "What you wants, Phyl," he said, "is a few garden-seed labels. Look nice stuck in the sandwiches. I'll scrub off some by next week."

"She's coming," said Phyllis; "I can feel her lifting."

"Keep her steady," said Fred. "don't be in a hurry; bring her up nice and gentle—All right, Henry, make a grab as soon as she breaks surface—Phyl, rub on a bit of marge from that bun—Now, ease her, ease her—"

"Here comes the others," said Henry. "How about a game of ping-pong, Fred?"

"That would be nice," said Fred. "What I don't see is how we're going to get that ball from under the cupboard."



"And before they know where they are, they're inside..."

## TWO MOORE CENTENARIES

In 1852 Moore (G.),  
The novelist, was b.  
In 1852 Moore (T.),  
"The Bard of Erin," d.  
So I am told  
By Moore (Old).

E. V. M.





**T**HERE are no isolationists in the 1952 American political campaign. Similarly, there are no usurers, upstarts or illiterates. None of the candidates, that is, has avowed any of these qualities as the basis of his bid for office, and all would deny heatedly that such terms could be applied to themselves. Isolationist? An infamous slander, air—false, malicious!

If "isolationist" is a word in disrepute, how are his backers—themselves isolationists—to describe an isolationist candidate in appealing to isolationist voters? There must be no misunderstanding of the candidate's position; nothing must be allowed to dilute, in the minds of the electorate, his integrity as a one hundred per cent let's-pull-out-and-go-it-alone statesman. No leakage in transmission can be tolerated. He must appear not as an isolationist but plainly, nevertheless, as one who hates the Russians, doubts the British, and—with the exception of Germany—detests the rest of the world, including roughly three-fifths of his fellow-countrymen.

The 1952 word, the favorable word, for this sort of candidate is "anti-internationalist." One hears it applied, confidently and with affection, by radio commentators who have been preaching isolation all the way. Their man is the anti-internationalist and—conveniently enough—his opponent thus becomes "internationalistic" or "widely known to hold internationalistic views." The suffix is important: the worthy man is always the "—ist"

and it's the other fellow and his crowd who are "—istic" (bad). General Eisenhower is regarded in these circles as terribly internationalistic.

Subscription television is still being "tested" in the United States, although its feasibility and the existence of a vast potential market for it have long since been demonstrated. What holds it back is the inertia of the big companies involved—the film studios and their theater chains, the telephone interests, the radio networks, and the manufacturers, large and small, of receiving sets. All these incline to make do with what they have and to view with misgivings an innovation which could very well turn the whole broadcasting and entertainment field inside-out.

Color television—a relatively simple development—came and went briefly last fall, attended by competitive squabbling and litigation between the National and Columbia networks. Its none-too-winsome effect called to mind the early color films, in which everything seemed to be tomato red or cyanide blue. The Federal Communications Commission declared a scarcity of essential materials at the height of the hubbub and relegated the issue to cold storage—for the duration, presumably, of the Korean war. Now the Commission is about to un-freeze eighty-two new television channels and to license upwards of 2,000 new TV stations as their occupants. The whole industry at present consists of only 108 stations divided among twelve channels, and it will be months before the contestants in this enlargement can pause for a breather. Subscription television, meanwhile, will continue its limited experiments.

The driving force behind subscription television is Eugene F. McDonald, a Chicago manufacturer of receivers. His office, in a terrifyingly modern factory building, is almost a fictional version of how the hard-

hitting Chicago executive ought to be housed: an enormous panelled room, richly furnished and decorated, with an extraordinary collection of weapons and trophies from its tenant's voyages of exploration in the Arctic and the South Seas. An open fire of birch logs supplements the air-conditioning. On Mr. McDonald's desk lies a paper-weight, an unblemished example of the Colt "frontier model" single-action .45 caliber revolver, with a 7½-inch barrel and the head of a Texas longhorn carved on each of its ivory butt plates. The visitor finds himself craning and peering in an attempt to see whether the paper-weight is loaded.

Mr. McDonald is restless about the poor quality of much that passes for entertainment on television. But even for this sort of fare, he points out, the commercial sponsor must pay somewhere between \$50,000 and \$100,000 for a one-hour show—an annual expenditure running into millions for a single form of advertising. The rate at which television uses up new material is so headlong that not even a greater outlay would necessarily afford the advertiser—and the public—a better performance under existing arrangements. Television, McDonald feels, is drifting rapidly into the puerilities which first the films and later the radio devised for the greater part of their audience. His television samplings among a cross-section group of three hundred families have convinced him that millions of Americans will eagerly pay one dollar for a first-rate television program whenever they are given the chance.

The content of subscription television could be almost anything—the best films, major sporting events, first nights in the theater—and any coyness on the part of the producers would vanish, Mr. McDonald believes, under the deluge of fees from five or ten million subscribers. It would take all the sting—and perhaps the charm—out of financing an expensive new musical comedy.

"Phonevision," as Mr. McDonald's system is called,



depends on a device connecting the receiving set and the subscriber's telephone. If the subscriber tunes to the "phonevision channel" he receives a jittered television picture and unintelligible sounds. By asking the telephone operator to allow the key signal to reach his set he receives the program in its normal condition, and the fee is simply added to his telephone bill. Mr. McDonald enjoys showing visitors a letter from a vice-president of the telephone company, in charge of engineering, written a few years ago and

explaining rather patiently to him that it would not be possible to devise such a circuit. His reaction to the letter was to hire a professor of electrical engineering who produced the gadget for him in short order.

The film companies still prefer to believe that the future of television lies in its public showing in the theater. But transportation costs in most big cities, or high parking fees—if the motorist can find a vacant place—would be greater than Mr. McDonald's one-dollar exaction for a family of three or four, even

without counting theater tickets. In the circumstances, one suspects that the future of television lies in the theater in about the same degree to which the future of trans-Atlantic travel depends on sail.

\* \* \* \* \*

There are several nuisances in the United States which have made a place for themselves as full-scale industries: the house-fly, for example, snow and ice, dishwashing, and white-sidewall tires. The recent announcement in Washington that the rubber situation now permits the return of the white-sidewall tire was hailed with satisfaction throughout the land. One might have thought that Americans had been riding around on their rims, so grateful did they seem at the restoration of the white-sidewall problem. The white tire, all but concealed anyhow under the skirts and overhang of current body design, is what causes motorists to park, conscientiously, two or three feet from the kerb. In areas where such caution is deemed by the authorities to be obstructive the motorist equips his car with antennae, which touch off blinking lights or sound gongs whenever one of his wheels nears the kerb, but of course these devices will not save his tire from himself when he is moving into a tight place or makes a faulty first pass at one.

This leads to the purchase of rare cleaning compounds and proprietary fluids especially invented for the needs of the whitewall tire. It leads also to the employment of countless individuals at service stations in the removal of those hateful smudges and scuffs. But now, with the arrival of the joyful news about whitewalls, a science magazine advises us that "one pint of special paint will convert four ordinary tires into the fancy kind," and that mail-order and auto-supply shops have a paint made for that very purpose. Be sure to put the scuffed side in, the magazine warns its readers, so as to present an unmarked outside wall for the paint. In that case, "the manufacturer's lettering will stand out like new."

CHARLES W. MORTON



*"Ah well, it takes all sorts to make a world."*



### THE SIGNIFICANT PEASANTS

HAVE you ever noticed that significant English novels are almost invariably about foreign peasants? Nobody ever writes a novel about English peasants—not, at any rate, in English. Yet nineteenth-century novels abounded with peasants. They curtsied and said nice things like "My lord, the carriage waits," only to get the leisurely reply "Let it wait." That sort of hauteur accounted for a good many things, from Bernard Shaw to British Railways; and my lord must not blame Karl Marx but Trollope, Hardy and Dickens if he now has to wait two unnecessary hours at Chipping Chaffinch for the two o'clock.

A failure of British peasants is that they speak English. Can you imagine any of them talking like Hemingway's Spanish peasants? "I am an old man who is afraid of no one," Anselmo said in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. "Also I am an old man without horses." There is a suggestion here that he is also without tractors. It is a highly significant remark whichever way you look at it. But talk to a Sumex peasant and what do you get? "The oxygenation of fallow obviously cannot be carried out in a vacuum. If the Ministry will not play ball then I have no alternative but to make a muck of it." What on earth does this mean? Is the man a peasant or the manager of a football team?

American novelists find their peasants highly significant, but even a genius like Steinbeck avoids conclusions. "The men sat in the doorways of their houses; their hands were busy with sticks and little rocks," he writes in *The Grapes*

of Wrath. "The men sat still—thinking—figuring." With that he ends the chapter, and the next one is all about a truck driver. We get no indication of why the men are sitting in the doorways. Could it be that they're scared of their wives? "Whadya wanna stir up all that dust for?" a wife has probably said. "Ain't it dirty enough around here? Git to the horse-trough and git a wash and brush up afore y'come into this house to eat." The whole picture shows with pitiless clarity the supremacy of the American female over her mate. It is all very well saying nice things about Virginia Mayo, but where does that get you? It gets you into the queue outside a cinema on a rainy day, and that's an unhealthy place for peasants.

A word about Russian peasants. Nobody except the Russian himself is in a position to write significantly about them. Sneaking into a bookshop and examining Mikhail Sholokhov's *The Don Flows Home to the Sea*, one finds on page 116 the remark: "A Red Army Tribunal has arrived in Vieshenaka. But what of it? What are you bothered about?" Well, the answer is that as long as the Tribunal hasn't reached Ilfracombe we are not bothered at all, but only wondering why the character Yakov Yefimich is not bothered either. Can it be that we are taking the Red Army too seriously? It may be so, for on page 824 a man named Sterladnikov says "The man with a clear conscience always sleeps well." You cannot deny that all the advertisements catering for sleepless nighters seem to be on this side of the Iron Curtain. Has there been a mistake

in the translation or is it that no one over there has a conscience at all, clear or muddy?

The ancient English peasant is a man worthy of the attention of any significant novelist, but writers use him only for matchbox jokes. When one considers the fare to Provence, let alone Mexico or Burma, one wonders why novelists never risk a trip to Gloucestershire. For what rich stuff awaits them? "Oi been warking ad this jam factory nigh on an 'undred yars." No, perhaps not a hundred years, but certainly fifty; and what life and experience the old man has seen at the jam factory. Notice, too, that his English is scarcely translated from the Latin. Here is ground for scholarship as well as significant fiction.

Even nearer than Gloucestershire lives a type of peasant who exudes significance: the tramp. In a non-fictional work George Orwell said of him that he's quite harmless because he's undernourished. He is therefore a peasant for first novelists: beginners. They won't have to go far to find him. He's sitting by the roadside, filling in his pools, and waiting calmly for some foreigner to come along and write a significant novel about him.

"CANAL TROOPS  
LEAVE PLAN"  
Daily Telegraph

In the M.O.'s car!



*"You've contravened a by-law, my little man."*

### THE UNMASKING

"IT must be a good many years now since I cantered round the Old City walls," said Hargreaves, in that quiet, level voice of his.

It wasn't the sort of remark to incite argument, or even comment. Most of our crowd had done a good many years east of Gibraltar—and it was as if Hargreaves had said "It's some time now since I walked down Threadneedle Street."

We knew instinctively that he was speaking of Jerusalem: we knew the name of the man at the Jaffa Gate from whom he had hired

the horse. We even knew the name of the—

No matter. The fact remains that our easy good-fellowship was shattered, at that moment, in a way that none of us expected.

There was a fellow sitting in the south-east corner reading an evening paper. When we had clambered noisily aboard, all laughing heartily at a story of Dalrymple's about riding on a tram from Alexandria to Sidi Bishr wearing a false beard—for the moment I don't remember why—we hadn't noticed him.

We are not likely to forget him. Hardly had Hargreaves' words died away when the fellow spoke:

"Go right round?" he asked casually. I shall always remember the offensive way in which he lowered his paper, mat back, and stared at the coloured view of Jersey just to the left of Hargreaves' head.

I believe we all sensed the tenseness in the air and, even knowing what I know now, I can't think of Hargreaves' coolness without a thrill of admiration.

He looked at the fellow levelly. "I don't think I quite follow," he said quietly.

The fellow went on looking at the view of Jersey.

"Even if you started cantering at Herod's Gate," he said, "and got as far as the Damascus Gate—which I don't think you could have done, what with the new police billets and that small quarry affair—I'm pretty sure you couldn't have got beyond that, even at a trot."

Hargreaves was smiling, pleasantly enough, but there was that in his eye which those of us who knew him best had learned to regard as a danger signal.

"And why not?" he inquired.

The fellow lowered his gaze from the photograph and—for the first time—looked Hargreaves squarely in the eye.

"Forgotten Ben Zev's petrol station?" he asked insolently.

Hargreaves' whole frame seemed to stiffen, and then to droop.

As he got up and groped blindly for the brief-case above his head he avoided our eyes.

He knew, and we knew, that never again would he join our little party.

Well, that's about all. . .

The fellow? Oh, he got out at Oxshott.

DEAR SIR,

*Incorrect Advertisement Reply*

We express our thanks for the prompt return of the advertisement reply that bore no relation to your own advertisement.

It should have been correctly sent to the advertiser using the box number T.356. Your own number was T.356.

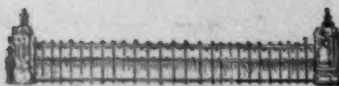
*Letter from Oxford paper*

The confusion was pardonable.





## IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, May 19

In places where our legislators have their little jokes it is being said that one elderly Member has boasted that he can remember the days before the House began to discuss the Finance Bill. The joke, whatever one may think of its merits, is a fair enough comment on the seemingly endless time that has been given to the Finance Bill. One way and another (and counting in the time given to the numerous Bills to which the Budget gave rise, on Family Allowances, Health Service charges, and so on) it does seem that the Budget has been with us a very long time.

And, truth to tell, the excitement does not mount as time goes by. Her Majesty's Opposition do their gallant best to arouse excitement (passion, even) but it is hard going with such un-thrilling titles as "Excess Profits Levy" to work on. Moreover, the "lines" are wearing a trifle thin, even for the most enthusiastic of Party men (and women). One can't go on saying that so-and-so represents "yet another broken Tory promise" or alleging that every single item in the long, long Bill is intended to benefit the rich at the expense of the poor.

Indeed, the Back-room Boy of the Labour Party Research Department, who, in a moment of enthusiastic haste, coined the phrase alleging that the Budget "*makes the rich richer and the poor poorer*," must have repented at leisure many times over, for it has been uttered, oh! so very often by every single speaker on the Opposition side. So much so that, after the manner of experienced and hilarious audiences at Orators' Corner in Hyde Park, Members on the Government side can see it coming and are apt to repeat it in a sort of laughing Greek chorus. This often embarrasses the speaker, who clearly thinks he is uttering some profound and never-before-expressed contribution to political wisdom.

Mr. R. A. BUTLER, the Chancellor, is taking all this with his customary stoicism. He appeared in a new rôle—and a pleasing one—to-day, when he strode (in formal morning dress) to the Bar of the House bearing a gilt-edged paper. This he announced to be a "Message from Her Majesty, signed by Her Majesty's own hand." With three extremely courtly bows he bore the document to the Table, where Mr. Speaker read it aloud.

It was the customary formal surrender to the Commons of the revenues of the Crown lands and so on, in return for which THE QUEEN asked for the usual provision of a



### Impressions of Parliamentarians

Lord Macdonald of Gwaenysgor

Civil List. The House smiled kindly when there was mention of the possible "marriage" of both the infant Prince Charles and Princess Anne. It was agreed to give priority to the message to-morrow.

Tuesday, May 20

Mr. EDEN interrupted the flow of baffling technicalities associated with the Finance Bill in order to make a statement on trade with China which was all too clear in its meaning and implications. To a saddened and silent House he reported that the Government had endorsed the decision of most of the big trading firms in China to cut their losses and withdraw—at a cost of between £200 million and £250 million in fixed assets alone.

The difficulties placed in the way of trade had mounted steadily

since the Communists took over in China, said Mr. EDEN, and they had now become impossible. Some firms had had to send tens of thousands of pounds into China each year—without the least chance of getting any goods or any money out. And so the Chinese authorities were being asked to authorize the departure of the British officials of the companies concerned.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, who as a former Foreign Secretary knew all the difficulties, at once said that the decision—sad as it was—was inevitable. Mr. EDEN and Mr. CHURCHILL nodded in acknowledgment of this statesmanlike approach to a common problem. Mr. EDEN was less gentle with Mr. ALFRED ROBENS who, from lower down the Opposition Front Bench, urged that Tory propagandists should be discouraged from describing the action as a "scuttle" from China—as had been said when the late Government authorized the withdrawal from Abadan.

Mr. EDEN, with that icy patience of which he is a master, explained that there was one vital difference between the two situations—the British in China had no Treaty rights to sustain them. Upon which there was a roar of cheers from the Government benches—and Mr. ROBENS, blushing, was silent.

Mr. BUTLER then moved the setting up of a Select Committee to consider THE QUEEN's Civil List Message and to make recommendations. Twenty-two assorted legislators will make up the Committee, and there was some surprise when Scottish back-benchers on the Opposition side complained that they were unrepresented. Mr. ATTLEE looked a trifle self-conscious, for the Opposition nominations were his own, but he asked (notably without enthusiasm) that the membership of the Committee might perhaps be shelved for the moment, as he did not wish to leave the Scots with any feeling of grievance.

Mr. LESLIE HALE, from Oldham,



"Oyez, Oyez. This item of news comes to you by courtesy of the Worshipful Company of Soapflakewainers."

who conceals beneath a deadly serious exterior a keen sense of the ironic, at once demanded from his leader, Mr. ATTLEE, the same consideration for Lancashire, which, said he, was bigger than Scotland and took a greater part in Parliamentary affairs. Moreover, if need be, *he* would start a Lancashire Home Rule movement.

Just as it seemed that the Wars of the Roses—not to mention the Thistles, the Leeks, and a variety of other vegetables—were about to start all over again, and while the Scots, regardless of Party ties, expressed their disapproval of Mr. HALE, the motion setting up the Committee was passed, unopposed. But shortly afterwards (to her manifest annoyance) Miss BURTON was "persuaded" to stand down from the Committee in favour of Mrs. CULLEN, who represents the Gorbals Division of Glasgow and may therefore be accepted as an authentic Scots back-bencher.

And so back to the Finance Bill,

and to amendments so technical that even experts like Mr. GAITSKELL and Mr. DOUGLAS JAY had to admit that they did not understand them. Mr. BUTLER, overnight, had produced some seventy-four amendments to the Excess Profits Levy which the Committee was supposed to discuss at once. Mr. JAY demanded the adjournment, as a protest, and two hours were spent in discussing this suggestion. When it was out-voted the Finance Bill debate was resumed and, late at night, Mr. BUTLER explained what the amendments meant.

This was that the operation of the Levy is to be made more equitable, especially for those who seek to earn precious dollars, but that the money lost on these swings is to be recovered by adjustments on the roundabouts of other taxes on company profits. The Tory critics (some of whom had been pretty rough) seemed uncertain whether this gift horse—roundabout breed—needed new dentures or not. And

the wording of the amendments did not help them at all.

Wednesday, May 21

The Government asked, through Mr. ALAN LENNOX-BOYD, the new

Transport Minister, for approval of the

White-Paper plan to denationalize road haulage. The Opposition, through Mr. MORRISON, asked the House to refuse approval and, in effect, to boo the authors off the political stage. There was much noisy talk of *de-* and *re-*nationalization—and some even got as far as *re-de-*nationalization, by the next Government (it may be) but one.

Mr. CHURCHILL himself intervened and enlivened the debate, even if he did not add greatly to what traffic experts would call the illumination. Very late at night the Government's motion was approved and the Opposition's proposals were rejected. But there's still the Bill to come.

## AT THE PLAY

*Dragon's Mouth* (WINTER GARDEN)*The Trial of Mr. Pickwick*  
(WESTMINSTER)

**I**N a programme note to *Dragon's Mouth* Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY explains that visits to the American production of the Hell scene in "Man and Superman" made him feel that here perhaps was the basis of a new dramatic form. There is nothing new in the notion of a group, symbolizing virtue and vice, debating on a fixed stage, for it was current practice in the drama of the Middle Ages; what does appear original is to combine it with a strong dramatic situation kept in the background but yet constantly in the minds of the characters and their audience. In this Mr. PRIESTLEY and Mrs. JACQUETTA HAWKES, with whom he has written the play, have been extremely skilful. But any close comparison with Shaw would only be confusing. The Don Juan scene was a strong stimulant to the intellect, a flash and dazzle of probing wit charged with the

pure excitement of ideas. The talk in *Dragon's Mouth* is often very good, but it explores much more familiar country and finally takes its shape from the tragedy of particular cases.

Two screens, four stools and a length of yacht's railing are the whole set. The yacht has been attacked in the Caribbean by a deadly disease, and the owner, his wife and two intimate friends are waiting for the medical report. One of the guests, a bachelor author who pretends to despise women, starts off, lightly as yet, a train of amicable criticism in which each defends his own attitude to life: the perfectionist, the sensuous, the socially responsible and the Napoleonic. In the second act the mood changes sharply. Blood-tests have shown that one of the four has caught the disease and will probably be dead to-morrow, and now they are waiting to know which of them it is. Barriers are down and truth takes the deck in ruthless self-examination. This kind of confessional under the pressure of a tense situation has always brought out the best in Mr. PRIESTLEY.

Produced by him, the cast meets most of the demands of a form so elastic that high oratory and the stricken whisper go naturally together. Mr. NORMAN WOOLAND, as a dynamo of commerce, and Miss ROSAMUND JOHN, as his unsatisfied secretary, have the least yielding parts, and rise to them bravely. Miss DULCIE GRAY is rather too gentle, and much too clever, to suggest the toast of Europe's drawing-rooms and a resolute devotion to the senses, but she puts her point of view with sincerity and sometimes—for example, in the



(The Trial of Mr. Pickwick)

Mr. Jingle—MR. PETER COPLEY

strange tale of the menacing sea-gull—with great force. The most successful of the four is Mr. MICHAEL DENISON as the author who hides his humiliations in an ivory tower, and is, if my chemistry is not misleading, the catalyst in this very interesting experiment. One small question. Do even exceptionally prosperous business women wear long gloves on a yacht in scorching weather?

Mr. STANLEY YOUNG has adapted *The Trial of Mr. Pickwick* respectfully and with resource, but I think he has tried the impossible. The magic of Dickens, which must be partly a ferment in one's own mind, escapes—except in an inspired portrait of Jingle by Mr. PETER COPLEY.

## Recommended

Rattigan's *The Deep Blue Sea* (Duchess), the best new play in London. *Under the Sycamore Tree* (Aldwych), ants and Alec Guinness. *The Love of Four Colonels* (Wyndham's), clever pyrotechnics by Ustinov.

ERIC KROWN



(Dragon's Mouth)

Stuart—MR. MICHAEL DENISON; Harriet—MISS  
ROSAMUND JOHN; Nina—MISS DULCIE GRAY  
Matthew—MR. NORMAN WOOLAND

## AT THE PICTURES

*Emergency Call—Lydia Bailey*

**U**NKIND words and a condescending tone in some of the notices of *Emergency Call* (Director: LEWIS GILBERT) have surprised me. To be sure it's a small-scale unpretentious picture that uses situations and incidents not unfamiliar to the assiduous moviegoer, and it's flawed in places by sentimental rhetoric in the dialogue. But the fact remains that I found it enjoyable; it is brightly, freshly, intelligently done, telling its search-against-time story with a proper effect of suspense, and pointing it up—adding to its force at every moment—with the priceless quality of verisimilitude in the small circumstances, the ordinary actions and speech of the characters. The basis of the plot is the search for three blood-donors for an urgent transfusion, a search made more difficult by the facts that the blood needed is of a very rare group and that every one of the three possibles has some strong reason for keeping out of the way of the authorities. You may catch a momentary, superficial whiff of *White Corridors*, but this is not "a hospital picture": the main point is what happens in the three searches, the hospital is merely there in the

background to provide suspense with the reminder that the time is growing ever more perilously short. One of the donors is a boxer, creditably played by a real one, **FREDDIE MILLS**; the weakness of this episode arises from the old formula of the crooked manager, the menacing gangsters, the fighter who decides to win when he has been fixed to lose. Another is a suspected murderer on the run, and there are clichés there too. The third is a coloured seaman who at first refuses, out of bitterness because of a wartime experience when his blood was refused because of his colour; that strikes one as a somewhat self-conscious lump of "seriousness" or "significance" inserted as a sop to sourpusses who might otherwise point out that the film hadn't enough. In fact a little effort will reveal quite a number of things wrong with *Emergency Call*, far more than seems consistent with the fact that I did enjoy it and indeed would not in the least mind seeing it again.

*Lydia Bailey* (Director: JEAN NEGULESCO) is for lovers of spectacular Technicolor "historical" adventure: it crams everything in, from the sumptuous ball (given by Napoleon's sister, whom an off-screen commentator admiringly describes as "the glamorous Pauline") to the pursuit through the jungle and the struggles in the foaming torrent. The place is Haiti, the time 1802: one of the important minor characters—minor as far as this story is concerned—is Toussaint L'Ouverture, the first part of whose name as pronounced here may strike



[*Emergency Call*  
Tim Mahoney—FREDDIE MILLS

the assiduous moviegoer mentioned above as distractingly close to the way people in Westerns pronounce Tucson (Arizona). The hero is "a young Boston lawyer" (DALE ROBERTSON) who comes to the island to get Lydia Bailey's signature on some documents. She too (ANNE FRANCIS) is American, betrothed to a haughty Frenchman (CHARLES KORVIN); the set-up thus conveniently allows for the two neutrals to help and be helped by the rebelling Negroes to the discomfiture of the treacherous agents of Napoleon. They sail away from the carnage at the end on a ship provided by one of the more picturesque revolutionary generals (WILLIAM MARSHALL). The whole thing is an entertaining splash of colour and noise and excitement, not meant to be thought about.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Among other interesting new ones in London is a newspaper story, *Deadline*, of which more next week.

A not very distinguished lot of releases includes a well-done melodrama recalling the Kefauver Crime Committee, *Hoodlum Empire* (9/4/52). *Belles on Their Toes* (meaningless title) is a cheerful amusing sequel to *Cheaper by the Dozen*.

RICHARD MALLETT



[*Lydia Bailey*  
King Dick—WILLIAM MARSHALL



## BOOKING OFFICE

## Retrospect and Prospect

**The Open Night.** John Lehmann. Longmans, 15/-.

**The Confident Years: 1885-1915.** Van Wyck Brooks. Dent, 21/-.

**The March of Journalism.** Harold Herd. Allen and Unwin, 21/-.

IT is difficult for the middle-aged reader to get his bearings in the mid-twentieth century. We who grew up in the period of the great iconoclasts and experimenters are dimly aware that an age of consolidation has succeeded without being able to see a pattern yet. We mumble over the conformism of the young, over their lack of rebellion and vitality, without realizing that their aims are new—the cultivation of territory rather than its exploration. Critics are still looking for novelty of form and ignoring the use that is being made of forms developed in the past, the past that it is so easy to think of as a continuous present.

Mr. John Lehmann has collected some of his critical essays in *The Open Night*, and he tries to suggest a course for his own generation that will appeal to the generations that have followed. He is a very good critic of the particular, and he writes best when he is concentrating on a man or a book. It is in his general criticism that he is unsatisfying. He discusses the importance of myth to the poet; but he ends by suggesting, half-unconsciously, that to find myths we must return to the twenties. While nostalgia makes Mr. Lehmann a perceptive critic of Wilfrid Owen, for example, it prevents his continuing to create a climate for new writers. The next stage may seem undramatic, even tame, to anybody who has been in the thick of the fun; but English Literature "must be kept up." To change from a writer's critic to a reader's critic is a waste of Mr. Lehmann's valuable talent.

Mr. Van Wyck Brooks sees the next advance in American literature as starting from a return to the central tradition. His series on the writer in America has given him an undeserved reputation as a cultural Blimp, a praiser of the past at the expense of the present. He is much too good for the rôle in which he has been cast, and his knowledge, verve and acuteness have always rather worried his opponents. His final volume, *The Confident Years: 1885-1915*, which roams beyond its terminal point, criticizes the experimental period from a conservative point of view that comes very near to the attitude of the generation now growing up in the experimenters' shadow. It will find more response from the old and the young than from the middle-aged.

Although there is too much detail in the book, too many names of forgotten authors, Mr. Brooks brings to life the relation between writer and milieu; he is good at describing the regions and races of America. His championship of content against form sometimes makes him seem unaware of purely literary values; he is more in sympathy with Dreiser than with James.

He dislikes the Colonialism of the old Boston and even more the way the expatriates severed their roots, becoming international, authoritarian instead of democratic, and pessimistic instead of opening their souls to the national optimism. Mr. Brooks has produced a literary history of America rather than a history of American literature. His concern for the whole range of the past may be of service to writers of the future, though they will certainly include in that past the experimental movement that Mr. Brooks criticizes so shrewdly.

In *The March of Journalism* Mr. Harold Herd gives a useful list of facts. He piles in so many dates and details that the only comment he has room for is a reiterated statement of his belief that the newspaper of to-day is much better written and produced than the newspaper of fifty years ago. It is noticeable that most of Mr. Brooks' authors had at some time been journalists. The connection between newspapers and literature is much less marked in England, and a more critical historian than the industrious Mr. Herd might have used some of his space to suggest the reason.

R. G. G. PRICE

**Ciano's Diary, 1937-38.** Translation and Notes by Andrea Mayor. With an Introduction by Malcolm Muggeridge. Methuen, 21/-.

The two lost, and now recovered, notebooks of *Ciano's Diary* are really the most interesting; for when they were begun Italy was not wholly committed to Germany and sundered from England. The Fascists expected opposition to their untimely empire and were nonplussed and misled by the feeble show put up—not by Eden and Lord Perth but by Chamberlain. Ciano, who comes out a great deal better than Mr. Muggeridge's otherwise admirable Introduction suggests, is chiefly



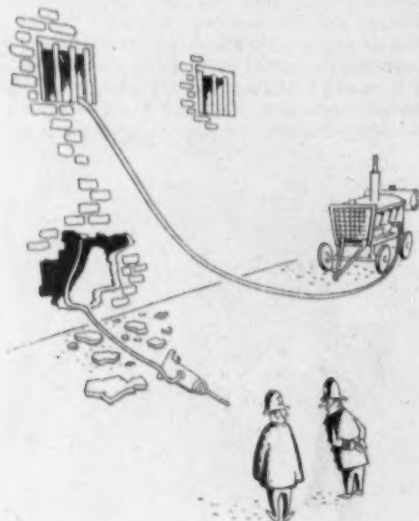
"It's not a bit like me."

fatuous in his admiration for his *condottiere* father-in-law—and that was not unbounded. He got weary, at times, of laurels and heroics. He knew that the middle classes and the fleet looked askance at the Axis. He disliked "racial" nonsense and protected individual Jews. He tried to keep in with the Vatican. But he was the bear-leader led by the bear. His tragic story has its humours: such as the couple's drive to D'Annunzio's funeral, with the Duce keeping a good look-out for scrap-iron by the road-side. H. P. E.

**Sybil.** Louis Auchincloss. Gollancz, 12/6

Under a title already famous in the records of fiction, Mr. Auchincloss has written a book, and created a heroine, not in the very least like Disraeli's. This later Sybil is a girl at odds with her world, which is an affluent New York coterie where conformity is the code and mutual approval the highest aspiration. But if Sybil Rodman is discontented she is equally diffident: she is easily flattered into marriage with a man who is, in quintessence, all that she is up against. Thus the stage is set for a tragi-comedy which might have been commonplace but is, in fact, charming, amusing and on occasion moving. Sybil is drawn with a most sensitive hand, exquisitely responsive to her every reaction and every phase of her development; while the attendant characters, if less elaborately articulated, are as successfully realized. Mr. Auchincloss writes with a pellucid economy and a civilized irony. He understands, as do few contemporary Americans, the artistic value of reticence.

F. B.



"Outside job."

**Spycatcher.** Lt.-Colonel Oreste Pinto. Werner Laurie, 12/6

A Dutchman by birth and British by naturalization, Lt.-Colonel Oreste Pinto has spent his life as a Spy-catcher, first with the Deuxième Bureau, then with M.I.5, and finally, after the Allied landing in Normandy, with the Dutch Counter-Intelligence Mission attached to S.H.A.E.F. In this last assignment he made, with superb skill and enviable patience, the greatest capture of his career in the person of the Dutch traitor, Christian Lindemans, who alone was responsible for the Arnhem tragedy. Of this and other exciting events Colonel Pinto writes with quiet humour, keen insight into human character, and a modest disregard of danger. While his hatred for men like the traitor of Arnhem is undisguised, Colonel Pinto pays generous tribute to the skill and daring of his opponents from the enemy camp. No less an authority than General Eisenhower has called him "the greatest living expert on security" and what he says—sometimes caustically—on present and future organization and methods of counter-intelligence deserves serious consideration by all responsible for national security. I. F. D. M.

#### SHORTER NOTES

**Count D'Orsay.** Willard Connelly. Cassell, 25/-. Exhaustive account of the Prince of Dandies. Far too detailed and very awkwardly written; but full of interesting information, e.g. that Lady Blessington was an ex-postmistress. Good on D'Orsay's portrait sketches. Occasionally the author's style clears to reveal a pleasant wit.

**The Sea and Me.** Humphrey Barton. Harrap, for Robert Rose, 12/6. A fresh variation on the apparently inexhaustible "boats I have sailed" theme, by an able and experienced seaman but less competent writer. To stand in book form, anecdote should be expanded into discursive essay, otherwise its place is in the yachting magazine, in an even more compressed and factual form.

**Women's Life and Labour.** Dr. F. Zweig. Gollancz, 13/6. The author discovers that many women like to work in factories, that they have a better time there now than formerly and that human nature is complicated. Some women like a chat over the clack of machines. Some are saving. Some look to Saturday night. Provoking questions bring interesting replies.

**English Portrait Miniatures.** Graham Reynolds. A. & C. Black, 21/-. Many who read these scholarly pages will regret the passing of an exquisite art, descendant of the medieval illuminated MS and the portrait-medal of the Renaissance, which flourished in England for three centuries and faded on the advent of the photograph. The author is curator of the superb collection of miniatures at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

**The Battle of Baltinglass.** Lawrence Earl. Harrap, 12/6. Stranger-than-fiction truth about political jobbery in a Wicklow sub-post-office worked up, mainly by one intransigent, into political crisis. Justice wins; injured virtue is successfully, if haphazardly, defended. Intrinsically Irish; the official reports of Dail debates are much the liveliest part of the book.

**Julia Ballantyne.** George R. Freedy. Hodder and Stoughton, 12/6. The story of a penniless eighteenth-century adventuress intent on profitable marriage. Wealthy Lord Ballance and eccentric Thomas Storm are Julia's "chances," and Russia and a gloomy English mansion make suitable settings for her uncomfortable but engrossing history.

**Night Watch.** Thomas Walsh. Hamish Hamilton, 10/6. First-rate American thriller, even better than the author's "Nightmare in Manhattan." Brilliant construction and character-drawing. Intelligently exciting. Recommended with emphasis.

**Bramton Wick.** Elizabeth Fair. Hutchinson, 9/6. A pleasant first novel (school of O. Douglas) about the more highly-taxed residents of an English village. Two attractive daughters of an impoverished family make hopeful marriages, after some uncertainties; and, among other oddities, two madly undisciplined dog-lovers provide entertainment.

# THE TRUTH ABOUT "I"

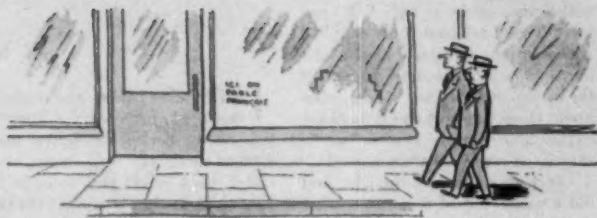
I AM for the most part an easy-going, lazy, undependable, unassuming, ham-handed, ordinary, negative, unexciting, modest, diffident, reserved, rapidly embarrassed, easily-led, unpunctual, untidy, impoverished, middle-browed, middle-viewed, middle-class, middle-aged, mildly amusing person of medium height.

I travel short distances, chiefly in the Home Counties, usually in buses provided with witty enigmatical conductors, sometimes in trains containing witty enigmatical fellow-passengers, occasionally in dear old crumbling, uneasy-going motor-cars whose insides are a complete mystery to me but some of the names of whose component parts—things like the self-inflicting flange manifold—fill me with awe and disrespect.

I am equally at a loss with all other kinds of technicality; with by-laws, standing orders and instructions for making things work. I am the mug, the dupe, the plaything of income-tax inspectors, coal merchants, railway officials, landladies and house agents. I wear unfashionable clothes with smears on them and no hat. I envy and am inclined to be bitter about smart, orderly, well-dressed, widely-travelled, well-informed, sunburnt people.

I have my own theories about things, my own methods of washing up, shopping, mending fuses, feeding stoves, gardening and parenthood, but I regret to say that my confidence in my abilities seems to be nearly always misplaced. The plain truth is: I am not very good at things, not very good at games, picnics, parties and dancing the tango, not even very good at travelling short distances. I am the one who keeps sitting on the strawberries. It was I who left the theatre tickets on the dining-room mantelpiece.

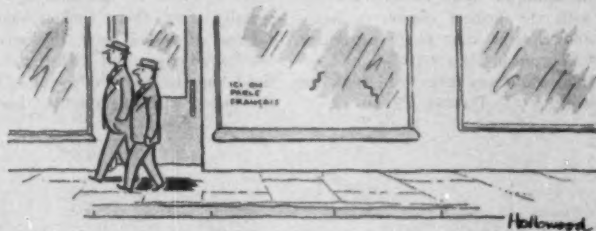
I sound rather pathetic, don't I? As if I needed to have a great many correspondence courses and vitamin pills and perhaps a change of toothpaste.



*"Oh, I don't know. I very much doubt whether ..."*



*la situation internationale est aussi mauvaise ...*



*as some of our newspapers try to make out ..."*

Yet I am not a total loss. Although I don't seem to make much headway with modern trends in music, literature and art, I know pretty well what's going on around me. I know the names of a great many film stars, politicians and popular tunes and quite a fair sprinkling of cricketers. And I am wholesome. You don't catch me harping on dark undercurrents of smouldering passion except

perhaps sometimes in a quiet, playful way.

There is a redeeming streak of mystery about me too. It is only very occasionally clear where I am going to or coming from on these little trips of mine. In fact only a very small amount of my time is satisfactorily accounted for. What do I do with the rest of it? How, as a point of interest, do I earn my living? Am I really as dumb as I

make out, or is a lot of it put on? That I am plentifully supplied with relations and particularly with aunts is obvious, but *which side of the family are they on?* And what about those times when for no easily explainable reason I seem to be utterly at variance with myself?

If I thought and thought and did a great deal of research work I could probably unearth further data, but it is not in my nature to take that amount of trouble, and also I suspect that so far from clarifying matters I might only make them more confusing. I might seriously undermine, if not entirely destroy, my conception of myself. A particularly unsettling thought has, in fact, just occurred to me which brings home forcibly what dangerous waters I may well be hovering on the brink of. This is that, although I have resolutely been thinking of myself as masculine, I do, in fact, belong fairly equally to either sex. And another thing; when my name is mentioned it is very seldom the name by which I was addressed the time before. Only one thing about me, in fact, seems to be completely indisputable and to provide me with any lasting claims to fame, and that is that there are more humorous articles written about me than about any other subject in the world.

DANIEL PETTIWARD

## A. N. OTHER

"I SEE the *Tailor and Cutter's* been at it again. They've published a list of the eleven best-dressed men—the first eleven, they call it, they would pick to go in for England. If they'd waited till this morning they could have put me down as first reserve. I'm wearing my father's overcoat."

"I suppose your father's stopping in bed. Do you notice anything about my shirt?"

"It's got a button off. No it hasn't. Let me look. It's a new kind of shirt. You sew it up instead of buttoning it."

"You can see me with my little needle and thread. It's inside out, that's all. We're having delivery trouble with the laundry."

"You mean you do the buttons up from the inside?"

"It's perfectly easy. You simply put your hand up the front—"

"There's no need to undress."

"When you get to the cuffs there's even an advantage. I usually wear them tucked under instead of folded back, to conceal the frayed edge. But with the shirt inside out the frayed edge comes on the inside with them folded back.

There's only one snag—the back stud-hole doesn't go all the way through the neck-band. You can't get the stud through when you're wearing it inside out."

"So I suppose you don't have one, just let the collar ride up at the back."

"I should look a mess. I've got to think about my appearance. I take the hole through the neck-band with the scissors, that's all. Who are these eleven best-dressed men the *Tailor and Cutter* have picked, you were telling me about?"

"Terry-Thomas, John Mills, Sir Malcolm Sargent—you wouldn't be interested. The only interesting thing is they haven't actually named the eleventh man. He's a man whose influence is known and accepted all over the world, they say, who has been an inspiration to all concerned with the clothing industry and its manifestations. The paper where I read about it in the gossip column seemed to think they meant the editor of the *Tailor and Cutter*. And I must say, till this morning, I was inclined to agree with them. But now—"

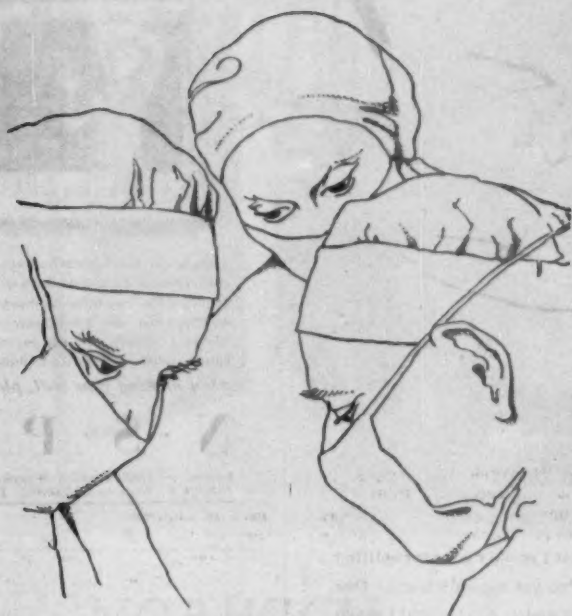
G. A. C. WITHERIDGE



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They say around the office that I'm only good for spilling tea and losing parcels, but I've got me ambitions. One day I'll be an efficiency expert and — coo! — will I make 'em jump. I'll wear an Anfony Eden hat and carry a brief case with a secret compartment. Cool and very superior I'll sit at me chromium-plated desk, call up old Winterbottom (who is at present the boss) and say: "Winterbottom, must I do everythink meself? I've decided that there's a place in every office for portable typewriters. And it's been brought to me notice that there's nothing better than the Imperial Good Companion. Order half a doz. now. Oh, and by the way, Winterbottom, you're fired."



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that lives on

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In quiet Tombland Alley, with its distant glimpse of one of the Norman arches of Norwich Cathedral, still stands — or rather leans — this old half-timbered house, once the home of a wealthy mercer, Augustine Steward. In 1549, when Kett's rebels held Mayor Codd a prisoner, Steward, as Deputy Mayor, took charge of the distracted city, and his house became the headquarters of the King's forces.

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Punch, May 28 1952

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Whether you are scaling the Langdales or on more usual occasions at ground level, you will feel at home in a 'Viyella' shirt. It is admirably tailored in exclusive checks or herringbone weaves, in the convenient coat style.

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And 'Viyella' shirts serve you faithfully for years, always preserving their fine, luxurious texture.

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BB/1



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**SILVER WING**

A New Luxury Service between London and Paris

ON JUNE 9th, BEA INTRODUCE THE SILVER WING. The Silver Wing will leave London airport for Paris every day at 1.00 p.m., arriving at Le Bourget at 2.20 p.m. And this will be the most luxurious—as well as the fastest—of all daily services between the two capitals.

AN EXCELLENT CHAMPAGNE LUNCH will be served to passengers on the Silver Wing service. Complimentary Moët et Chandon special

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ELIZABETHAN AIRLINERS WILL FLY ON the Silver Wing service. The fare is the normal £15.19 return. There are also excursion fares to Paris at £12.15 and £10.10 return. For bookings and information apply to your Travel Agent or BEA, Dorland Hall, Regent St., S.W.1 (GERard 9833).



BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

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*Rotoscythe*

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Whichever way your own choice may lie, Barclays Bank will be pleased to help you with your holiday plans by providing the money you need in the form most convenient to you.

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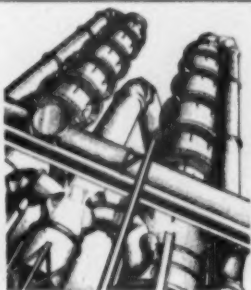
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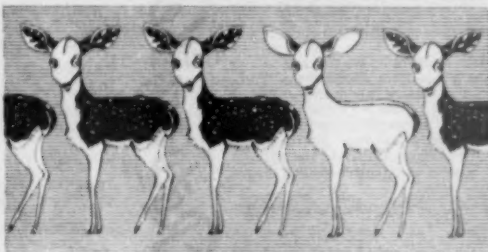
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Write for details for a child of any age up to 16

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EDINBURGH Est. 1793

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Wine and Spirit Merchants  
To the late King George VI.



*"Here's another useful tip I've  
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As we'd been discussing golf, I was a bit surprised when he continued, "I'd always admired Tony's clothes, but guessed he must be spending a fortune on them. So I was a bit shaken when he told me how inexpensive they were, showed me the GUARDS label inside the jacket, and told me where I could get a sportscoat and flannels of the same make. Take a tip from me and ask for GUARDS clothing too."

**GUARDS**

*The MAN'S Wear*

*Enquiries to S. S. & S. Ltd., 30 Cornhill, London, E.C.3*

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Whilst preserving the action and balance of our previous Flymaster rods, we have now added certain improvements which make these rods even more outstanding.

The ferrules are now knurled, as shown in the illustration, for better gripping when taking the rod down—a simple and obvious improvement, but one that had not been thought of before. Our new bags have no tapes to come undone, or to be tied too tight by the inexperienced. They are sealed effectively by a zip-fastener and press studs. Lighter reel fittings are now in aluminium and fine old walnut, as handsome as they are effective.

The Flymaster series represents a masterpiece in modern rod building and is the result of well over a century of experience, coupled with the most modern methods and constant efforts to improve design.

## IN TWO MODELS

Two Piece.  
8 ft., 8½ ft. and 9 ft.  
Three Piece.  
8½ ft., 9 ft., 9½ ft. and 10 ft.  
PRICE all models  
£12. plus 54/4 P. Tax.

Full details of these rods are in our catalogue, on request from any Milward Agent or from Milwards Fishing Tackle Ltd. 7/8, Bury Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1. (Tel.: Whitehall 9886.7)

**Milwards**  
FISHING TACKLE  
... a name to angle with !  
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Holders

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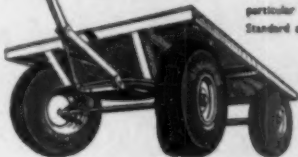
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BY COURTESY OF THE BAGATELLE RESTAURANT, MAYFAIR

*"Helen, you look wonderful  
— have a gin?"*

**"Love a CURTIS—it's smoother"**

"The gin is a lure, my love, a persuasive potion, to get you to join us."

"You're a smooth type, Jerry, I'd love a Curtis. . . . M-m-m . . . wonderful music . . . attentive escort . . . what more can any woman want?"

"More Curtis, of course . . . it's so smooth it even smoothes the path of true love."

"Lead me to it, Lochinvar!"

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Mayfair, may not know for sure about the smoothing of paths, but he does know that all liquors matured in cask become mellower, more aristocratic . . . in fact smoother.

That's why critical people prefer Curtis Gin. It's matured in cask . . . and noticeably smoother.

*Smoother — because it's matured in cask*

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"CLEAR" and "OLD GOLD". AVAILABLE IN BOTTLES, HALF BOTTLES, THREE NIP AND SIX NIP FLASKS.



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never left him...*



*now he leaves  
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Lorival continue to provide their customers with a first-class service, in spite of present difficulties. You are invited to consult Lorival about your requirements of ebonite and plastic products.



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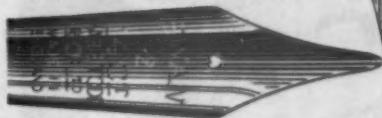


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Joe never seems to spend a moment under his car yet it goes like a dream. Why? Because his engine is *clean inside*. Motoring, Joe will tell you, is a dirty business. Grit gets into the oil, makes it abrasive and ruins moving parts. Water and dirt accumulate in the petrol tank. If these get to the



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weeks. The first crop will be  
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chair, yet the suspension spring-  
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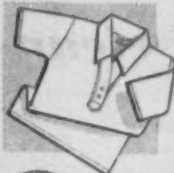
*I have tried many  
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10

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## WINNERS TO WATCH



### Kelling

**KELLING.** Chestnut horse, 1947.

**SIRE.** Crested, Bay, 1941.

**DAM.** Monk's Fancy, Brown, 1938.

**DESCRIPTION.** Beautifully moulded chestnut horse with white sock on rear hind. Height: about 16 hands.

In 1949, as a two-year-old, Kelling ran six times, winning his last race, the 7-furlong Criterion Nursery at Newmarket in October. The following season he ran seven races. He won four—the Esher Cup, Sandown (1 m.), Britannia Stakes, Ascot (7½ f.), Hornsey Handicap, Alexandra Park (8½ f.), and the Cambridgeshire, Newmarket (9 f.). He was placed once.

Kelling started the 1951 season by winning the Paradise Stakes (1 m. 5 f.) at Hurst Park, beating, among others, Colonist II. His next victory, in the Great Yarmouth Handicap (2½ m.), caused him to start favourite in the Cesarewitch. Here he showed up well, but his 8 st. 12 lb. proved too much, and he was unplaced.

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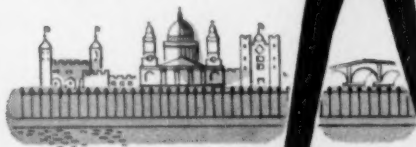
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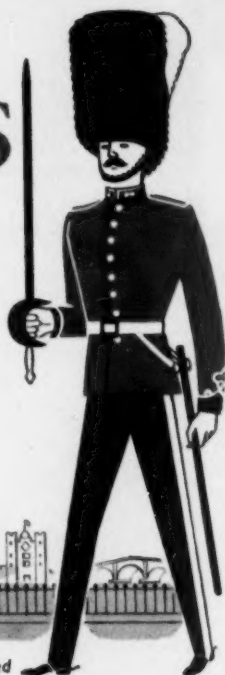
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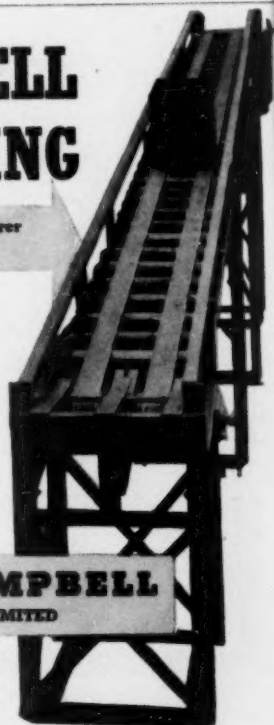
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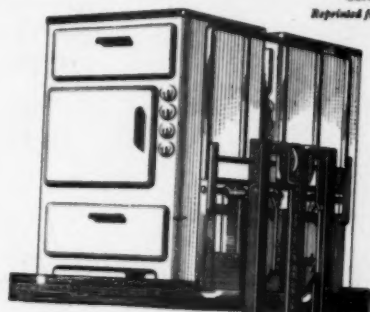
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